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THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE members of the new House of Commons have probably looked at one another with some curiosity while they have been engaged in electing the SPEAKER, or in going through the ceremony of swearing. The introduction of some fresh elements, and the change of political temperature, will have given the new Parliament a distinctive character of its own. The death of Lord PALMERSTON may be regarded either as the symbol or the cause of reviving excitement and agitation. The happy inaction which has lasted since the close of the Crimean war would perhaps have terminated even under a Minister who would have had sufficient firmness and good sense to abstain from gratuitous restlessness. Lord PALMERSTON, in his later years, represented the satisfaction with which a prosperous community contemplates, from a peaceful shore, the stormy seas of foreign politics. With the aid of opponents who perversely refused themselves the cheap pleasure and the profit of liberal sympathies, Lord PALMERSTON contrived to secure universal popularity with the smallest possible risk or exertion. Political zealots accused him of treason, because he allowed them to try their strength, and then cheerfully acquiesced in their failure; but the House of Commons and the outer world were more indulgent to a state of mind which was at the time almost universal. A passively elastic policy is perhaps no longer in season, and the principal Ministers are exempt from the virtue or the vice of a propensity to let things alone. The tranquillity of Europe, and the modern disposition to abstain from interference in Continental affairs, naturally tend to concentrate attention on domestic business; and it may perhaps also appear that the American war has, for the first time in many years, rendered democratic agitation possible and formidable. No other foreign contest has produced in England the same antagonism of opinion and of feeling. The vast material resources which were conspicuously illustrated by the events of the war are associated in the popular imagination with American institutions. Even Irish rebels, who propounded half a dozen years ago ridiculous schemes of crowning a French Marshal, have conformed to the fashion of the day by electing a mock President, supported by a sham Senate and House of Representatives. In England, if Mr. BRIGHT and his followers are scarcely numerous enough to constitute an American party, malcontents of all descriptions are provided with a republican ideal. No revolutionary question is likely to be mooted, but the spread of democratic sympathies may either modify the general character of the Liberal party or promote a temporary Conservative reaction. Mr. GLADSTONE, though he has little love for the United States, has occasionally shown strong democratic affinities.

The extreme party in the House of Commons is not largely increased in numbers, but it has been reinforced by several able and active members, superseding as many conventional Radicals. Those who have long taunted the metropolitan boroughs with the obscurity of their representatives are perhaps not altogether satisfied with the deference which has at last been paid to hostile counsels. It was always known that a member for a London borough would pledge himself to the ballot, to household or universal suffrage, and to every other measure which happened to be included in the programme of his party. At the same time it was understood that, in practice, the metropolitan Reformer would support Lord PALMERSTON's Government, and that, if necessary, he would aid in throwing out troublesome measures, on the pretext, if no more plausible objection occurred, that they were not sufficiently sweeping. It would have been possible to imagine a better and more dignified representative system, but trimmers and political sceptics tolerated the LAWRENCEs and the COXES on the same sound principle which recommends a gingerbread Lord Mayor in preference to a municipal ruler of an unwieldy metropolis. If the members for Finsbury and Lambeth were

not statesmen, they were better than demagogues, especially as they furnished a conclusive argument against any increase of their number, and a forcible reason against the assimilation of other borough constituencies to the London type. At last, it would seem, the miscellaneous aggregate of petty shopkeepers became ashamed of the carelessness which had once placed a seventh part of the representative power of the capital in the hands of two adventurers who are now respectively expiating their misdeeds in unhonoured exile and in penal servitude. The artisans in some districts were anxious to make a creditable use of their local power, and competent candidates were forthcoming to profit by the sudden repentance of the electors. Mr. MILL was brought forward in Westminster to oppose the GROSVENOR family, by whose aid he subsequently defeated a strong Conservative candidate, after having forced his own intended colleague to retire from the contest. The constituencies knew little of Mr. MILL's special opinions, and probably nothing of his writings; but they were told that he had attained a high reputation by the exercise of great intellectual powers, and they rightly determined to rely upon his ability and character. Sir JOHN SHELLEY would perhaps on all occasions have voted as Mr. MILL will vote, but a consistent Liberal on whom Lord PALMERSTON could safely depend has been replaced by a possible leader of a party, or at least by a disturbing force, in the House of Commons. Mr. HUGHES, Mr. TORRENS, and Mr. FAWCETT, who is, however, not a metropolitan member, belong to the same class of educated, zealous, and—to use a common phrase—earnest Liberals. Some of them may be tamed by the House of Commons, and others will perhaps tire it; but they cannot be regarded with the good-humoured indifference which attended the patriotism of Mr. COX. Mr. CHAMBERS, the new member for Marylebone, though he will probably be temperate and reasonable, will scarcely be as manageable as Lord FERMOY. In one respect alone the metropolitan boroughs have consistently adhered to their uniform practice. In the richest and most highly educated constituencies, or portions of constituencies, which exist in the world, wealth and refinement are absolutely disfranchised. Of the class which is vaguely but intelligibly described as consisting of gentlemen, not one in a hundred holds the opinions to which every metropolitan member is committed as a condition of his election. The vertical divisions which are promised by Reformers in the popular constituencies of the future are unknown in London. In a pyramidal structure, composed, in one sense, of clay at the base and of gold at the summit, horizontal cleavage necessarily gives the preponderance to the larger mass below.

Although the great majority of the House is essentially moderate, there are causes which may render many members more impatient than in the golden days of Lord PALMERSTON. The career of office at last appears to be open to unlimited competition. The old Whig Government under Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and the first Administration of Lord PALMERSTON, were constructed on an extremely narrow basis. At one time nearly every member of the Cabinet was descended from a common ancestress who flourished only two generations ago. On one or two occasions a Minister promoted from a less elevated class seemed to have been selected merely that he might furnish an awkward contrast to the refinement and official experience of the ruling families. It naturally followed that, after the fall of an exclusive Ministry, new alliances, formed during a temporary absence from power, rendered candidates more numerous than places. Lord ABERDEEN in 1853, and Lord PALMERSTON in 1859, were judiciously anxious to provide every independent Liberal with office. In the first coalition, the friends of Sir ROBERT PEEL pushed a few even of the purest Whigs aside; and Lord JOHN RUSSELL, Mr. GLADSTONE, and Mr. MILNER GIBSON had, on the second occasion, fully satisfied Lord PALMERSTON that opponents who had twice inflicted on his Government decisive defeats would be safer within his Cabinet than

outside. No member who had not previously held office could be surprised to find that the claims of recognised Parliamentary leaders were acknowledged as paramount. Time and change have since thinned the number of privileged statesmen, and during Lord PALMERSTON'S tranquil reign no politician had the opportunity of acquiring a vested right to Ministerial succession. When there are few political officers on half-pay with a prior right to vacancies, subalterns begin to hope for promotion, and civilians for commissions. Their aspirations have been encouraged by the admission of Mr. FORREST to the Government and of Mr. GOSCHEN to the Cabinet; and Mr. CHILDERS, who lately succeeded Mr. PEEL at the Treasury, is himself but lately advanced from the ranks. It is easier for an ambitious member to compare his pretensions with those of a recent companion on the back benches than to inquire into the causes which have inseparably associated some familiar names with the thought of office. The new Parliament contains many young men, of more or less promise, who may be excused for remembering that half the members of the Cabinet are over sixty, and that all but one are over fifty. Personal ambition is one of the legitimate springs of political activity, but it would not be desirable that half the majority of the House of Commons should desire official employment. Both counties and boroughs have involuntarily consulted the public interest by the selection of members because they own a certain number of acres, or in recognition of a long and successful prosecution of trade. Lawyers are devoted to the harmless pursuit of seats on the bench; and elderly manufacturers know themselves to be as unfit for office as middle-aged sportsmen. There is some reason to fear that the example of Mr. GOSCHEN may prove too attractive to his less fortunate contemporaries. It is desirable that a competent number of members should devote themselves to public business as a profession, but candidates sometimes advertise themselves by becoming unnecessarily active, or by making themselves disagreeable. Australian Assemblies, where every member expects to be included in one of the semi-annual Cabinets, are only an exaggeration of what a House of Commons might, under certain contingencies, become. It is doubtful whether Mr. GLADSTONE could have ruled even the docile Parliament which perished a little before its congenial chief. The new House of Commons will tax far more severely the skill, the temper, and the firmness of the Ministerial leader.

#### M. DROUYN DE LHUYS ON MEXICO.

THE despatches of M. DROUYN DE LHUYS on Mexico do the greatest credit to the French Government. They are in the highest degree skilful; every point is handled with tact and discretion, and an attitude of dignity and firmness is preserved, although the general tone is conciliatory and moderate. The theory of its operations to which the French Government is now resolved to adhere puts the best colour on the origin, conduct, and prospects of the expedition, and is not so inconsistent with facts as to be obviously untenable. France went to Mexico to redress her own private injuries, and no one can deny her right to do so; least of all the United States, which also made war on Mexico, and also occupied the chief city of the Republic, in order to obtain satisfaction for wrongs. But France is much more moderate than the United States were. They insisted on using the severest rights of conquest, and stripped Mexico of a large portion of her territory. France desires nothing more from Mexico than that a Government should be established there which shall be competent and willing to protect French interests and satisfy French claims. She neither asks more than this nor will she take less. To her it is a matter of utter indifference whether the Mexican Government is monarchical or republican. She did not found an Empire there in order to promote Imperialism or to crush Republicanism. But successive Republican Governments had shown themselves utterly unable to protect life and property, and to give France what was her due. Some of the wisest and best of the Mexicans themselves thought an Empire most suited to their country, and France allowed them to take the sense of their nation. The national vote confirmed their opinion, and placed MAXIMILIAN on the throne. France was satisfied with this decision, and determined to support the new Empire, because she saw in this Empire and in the character of the EMPEROR the best chance for securing her own legitimate aims. The EMPEROR would pay his debts, and the Republic would not or could not. Mr. BIGELOW himself, in conversation with M. DROUYN DE LHUYS, admitted that the success of Republican Governments in Spanish colonies had

not been such as to incline the United States to do more for Republicans in those States than to aid them by the example she sets them. If, then, Republicanism answers very well in Northern America and very badly in Central and Southern America, why should not the Mexicans be allowed to set up an Empire, and why should not France support that Empire as a means of obtaining the satisfaction from Mexico which she demands? That France has no hostility to Republicans simply because they are Republicans, and no intention to institute a monarchical propaganda, like that which first elicited the MONROE doctrine, is proved by her unwavering fidelity and friendship towards the United States themselves. And, above all things, France wishes to leave Mexico alone, to withdraw her soldiers, and look only to the Mexican Government. She can very nearly do so, for the Mexican Government is very nearly secure. How soon it will be quite secure depends entirely on the United States. If they will pledge themselves to be neutral—and, although they may not choose to have diplomatic relations with the Mexican Empire, will yet declare that they will regard all intervention, direct or indirect, in Mexico as a thing from which they are in principle as much precluded as they are from intervention in Brazil—then the French can see their way to withdrawing their troops, and leaving the EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN to do the best he can by himself. But France wishes it to be distinctly understood that, if she ceases her intervention in the affairs of Mexico, she cannot and will not permit the intervention of any other Power.

This is the purely Mexican part of the story, but M. DROUYN DE LHUYS also enlarges with great frankness and force on another topic of more general and wider interest. He hints, in a delicate but decisive way, that the United States are too much inclined to set themselves up as an exceptional Power, having special pretensions, governed by other laws than those which apply to ordinary nations, and entitled to demand more from others than they are inclined to allow will hold good for themselves. M. DROUYN DE LHUYS invites them to consider that very many of the objections they make to the French expedition to Mexico are open to answers from doctrines to which the Americans themselves have warmly and repeatedly assented. Mr. SEWARD, for example, declines to treat the Government of Mexico as a reality, because it is supported by foreign aid. M. DROUYN DE LHUYS replies that the objection is not conclusive, for the best of causes are often, and often must be, supported by foreign aid. The United States themselves were supported in their War of Independence by the foreign aid of France, and in the national war which they have recently waged they freely availed themselves of the assistance of thousands of foreign Irishmen and Germans. It would be easy, of course, for Mr. SEWARD to draw a distinction, and to say that in those instances a cause defended by the mass of the inhabitants of a country merely received aid from without, whereas the Empire of Mexico has been entirely created by foreigners. This would open the old question, whether the Empire of Mexico was really the choice of the Mexican people, as to which the United States and France will never agree. But it incontestably affords some sort of countenance to the retention by the EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN of foreign troops after the French are gone, which it is obvious cannot be avoided, and which is one of the main reproaches urged by Americans against the Empire. We, at any rate, who are the inheritors of the Revolution of 1688, should be forced to hesitate before we admitted that a foreigner called to the throne by the national will was to be treated merely as a usurper because he mixed foreign with native troops. Then, again, the Northerners resented nothing so much as that foreigners should have any dealings with a mock Government that was being rapidly crushed, and whose cause could not succeed. How, then, M. DROUYN replies, can the same people pretend to see the true Government of Mexico in an ex-President who is constantly fleeing from village to village, who has no machinery of government whatever, and as to whom no one knows where, within a radius of five hundred miles, to look for him. The Cabinet of Washington, which complained so bitterly of foreigners for not seeing the facts of the American civil war in their true light, now so far refuse to look at facts in Mexico that they treat this unhappy, unsupported fugitive as the *de facto* ruler of Mexico. And if it is true that some of the harsh or distrustful language towards France used by the chiefs of the American Government is only intended to please the susceptible American public, the Americans ought to remember, or to learn, that France too has her susceptibilities, and is entitled to resent language unfriendly or unfavourable to her, although those



who use it may intend, not to wound her feelings, but merely to consult their own domestic interests.

Mr. SEWARD, in one of his most recent despatches, says that he can discover no basis upon which France and America can agree upon the Mexican question. And if the dispute is to turn on an interpretation of past facts, it will be necessarily interminable. The Americans say that the Mexicans wished for a Republic, and that the Empire was forced on them. The French Government say that the Mexicans were heartily and reasonably tired of their Republic, and freely chose the Empire. The issue is one which it is impossible to decide. But it is of some importance to know what, at the present moment, is the real feeling of Mexicans about the Empire; and the truth seems to be that the Indians, so far as they have the capacity to wish for anything, wish for the Empire, like it, and are inclined to do anything in their tiny feeble power to support it. They like the EMPEROR personally, and have a sort of enthusiasm for the EMPRESS; they think the Government of the EMPEROR just and kindly, and they see that it provides them with work that is tolerably well paid. The upper classes of Mexico neither support the EMPEROR nor oppose him. They are disappointed in him, not having found him so pliant as they expected, and thinking him far too liberal. As a rule, they have kept aloof from every successive Government in turn, and grumble in a placid querulous way about everything, but would neither fight for nor against any one if they could help it. There is an intervening class, of whom the worst are half-caste guerillas, and the best are honest Republicans. Three-fourths of this class are engaged from their cradle to their grave in a predatory warfare against all authorities and quiet persons whatsoever. There remains a small residuum with feelings and principles that merit some sort of respect; and of these there are fractions, the numbers of which no one knows, which respectively wish the Empire to succeed, but hold aloof from it because it is supported by the French, or have accepted the Empire as the best thing for the country, and consent to serve it, or will have nothing to do with any Government that is not Republican. There is no reason to suppose that a Republican Government supported by the Americans would be more acceptable to the Mexicans than the Empire is. All that can be said is, that such a Republic would have the one great advantage of being final. If the Americans once seized on Mexico through the medium of a nominal Republic, they would never go out again, and Mexicans of all ranks and colours would know the best and the worst that lay before them; whereas the Empire is still not stable enough to relieve the Mexican mind from great uncertainty as to the future. In the same way, if the Americans insist on recurring to the past history of the French expedition, they can find innumerable points of disagreement with the case now set up by M. DROUYN DE LUYRS. It is impossible to believe that the French had no other view than that of getting their debts paid; that they did not entertain the project of benefiting, in some very special way, by the occupation of Sonora; that they did not speculate on the Confederates establishing themselves as an independent Power. But nations must sometimes have the good sense to let the dead past bury itself. The Americans must either quarrel with France or not, and they now know the terms on which France will remain friendly. Whatever may have been the origin and the primary purposes of the Mexican Empire, they are to engage to let it alone, and in return they will receive an assurance that, before very long, the French army will retire from Mexico in the way in which it is going to retire from Rome; that is, the troops belonging to the regular French army will be recalled, but foreign troops, to whose number the French will contribute a large proportion, will remain to guard the Sovereign. Whether this will or will not satisfy the Americans is one of the darkest and gravest problems that the new year has to solve.

#### JAMAICA.

THE late accounts from Jamaica contain little additional information. The general opinion of the white inhabitants of the island is still confidently and unanimously favourable to the GOVERNOR, although no proof has been furnished either of the existence of a negro conspiracy, or of the subsequent necessity of sanguinary measures of repression. Just indignation has been caused in England by the publication of the proceedings which are alleged to have taken place at the trial of GORDON. It is evident that the report is not altogether forged, though the authority on which it rests is discredited. The document is transmitted to the London papers by a

colonial reporter, who had, in the first instance, complimented the civil and military officers on their energy and vigour. The employers of this person assert that the notes were purloined from the newspaper office, and it is also stated that reporters were allowed to be present at the trial only under a pledge of secrecy. Neither allegation affects the authenticity or accuracy of the report, and the remarkable excuse that the eulogies on the Government were written under intimidation must be taken for what it is worth. It seems improbable that even a drumhead court-martial would have hanged a newspaper correspondent for saying nothing; and flattery of colonial opinion is perfectly consistent with a desire to curry favour with philanthropists at home. The internal evidence of the document itself inspires a belief in its genuineness. Fiction could scarcely compete with that characteristic indifference to law and to fact which distinguishes, under certain circumstances, the youthful ensign or lieutenant. In the absence of any proof that BOGLE himself was an accomplice in the outbreak, the Court elicited from an ignorant witness the assertion that GORDON was connected with BOGLE, who always voted for him at elections. Another negro had heard that GORDON had written a letter, of which he proceeded, on mere rumour or conjecture, to state the effect. GORDON's absence from the Morant Bay Court-house on the day of the attack was the most suspicious circumstance of the case; but the prisoner tendered in explanation the evidence of the physician who, as he asserted, had forbidden him, on account of illness, to leave his home. The Court refused to allow a delay for the production of the witness, and they sentenced GORDON to death, because he might have stayed away from the vestry on purpose, or rather because their own belief in his guilt was entirely independent of testimony. The Major-General in command covered to a certain extent the responsibility of his subordinates by approving the sentence, with the astounding statement that it was fully borne out by the evidence. If it should ultimately appear that the proceedings have been misrepresented, the forger will have committed a fouler moral crime than many a legal felony. The report, if it is trustworthy, illustrates the accuracy of the opinion which was lately given by Mr. EDWARD JAMES and Mr. STEPHEN. The judges who hanged GORDON seemed to be conscious that they were not members of a Court of any kind, but that they had been assigned to a special duty, which they performed in accordance with their instructions. If the death of GORDON was indispensable to the safety of the island, it may possibly have been right to kill him; and the young officers who were detailed for the purpose deserved, by their obedience to orders, the commendation which they received from the General. As their superiors were already persuaded, like themselves, of the guilt of the prisoner, it was not worth while to go through the form of extracting irrelevant answers to irregular questions. Mr. EYRE and General O'CONNOR are chiefly responsible for an act which must be justified, if at all, by cogent proof of public necessity.

The narrative or apology of Mr. BOWERBANK, the Custos of Kingston, confirms the impression that the panic-stricken authorities were, notwithstanding the apparent extravagance of their conduct, acting in good faith. They were all fully persuaded that GORDON was the instigator of the outrage at Morant Bay, and they can scarcely have been mistaken in their belief that he was a troublesome demagogue. He had often addressed violent language to the negroes; he had tampered with their ignorance by assuring them that the QUEEN had not written a certain despatch from the Colonial Office; and he had indulged in personal abuse of his enemies, including the Custos and the Rector of St. Thomas-in-the-East, and the GOVERNOR himself. As Mr. BOWERBANK oddly asserts, he had annoyed the Assembly of which he was a member by tedious speeches which caused a prolongation of the sittings. Before Exeter Hall discovered a likeness between Mr. GORDON and the proto-martyr STEPHEN, Sir MORTON PETO disputed his connection with the Anabaptist body on the ground that he had served the office of churchwarden. The fact appears to be that, like a shareholder of a hostile company attempting to disturb a meeting which he has purchased a technical right to attend, GORDON contrived by the aid of faggot votes to be elected churchwarden, for the purpose of annoying the rector and the members of the Church. His appointment having been annulled on the ground that Dissenters were not eligible to the office, GORDON revenged himself by increased animosity to the Church, which in Jamaica is unfortunately identified with a political party and with the supremacy of the whites. In the sudden fright which was caused by the attack on the Court-house the GOVERNOR and his advisers wholly forgot that a disagreeable agitator was not necessarily

a conspirator, even if there had been conclusive evidence of a plot. All the respectable part of the population appears to have leaped to the conclusion that GORDON ought to be arrested, and the Custos of Kingston was only deterred from undertaking the duty by the opinion of the General that the measure would be dangerous. The GOVERNOR, on his arrival, took the decision on himself, and although the arrest was effected without difficulty or risk, the community was still uneasy until imprisonment had been followed by death. The ceremony of the so-called court-martial satisfied official consciences; and up to the present time it has not occurred to the authorities to doubt the justice of a sentence which has never been supported by a fragment of evidence. It cannot be denied that general consent raises a suspicion of even unproved guilt; but it is surprising that no further indication of GORDON's complicity has been supplied by later inquiries.

Mr. BOWERBANK expressly states that before the disturbances he entertained no suspicion of a negro conspiracy. The meetings occasioned by Dr. UNDERHILL's letter, and GORDON's inflammatory speeches, had caused much discontent among the negro population, and there is no doubt that the Assembly was deservedly distrusted and disliked. The suspicions, however, of the Government appear to have been directed to supposed projects of expeditions to Hayti rather than to internal plots. In some places the negroes were in the habit of drilling, but they invited the inspector of police and the Custos himself to attend their gatherings, and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL expressly stated that there was no violation of law in their proceedings. SOULOUTQUE, once known as the Emperor FAUSTIN I., resided in Kingston with several of his followers, and some alarmists complained that the ambition of the blacks would be excited by seeing two or three members of their race living in an expensive or comfortable style. The Government was fully justified in discouraging freebooting enterprises, but the only importance of the Hayti affair consists in the admission that no disturbances were expected in Jamaica. As no conspiracy was anticipated beforehand, and as none has since been discovered, it may be assumed that the Morant Bay outbreak was almost an isolated act of violence. It is highly probable that the example would have been followed, if the GOVERNOR and the military officers had not immediately adopted vigorous measures for the preservation of order. An account of Colonel HOBBS's movements in the Moneklands district, contained in Messrs. LEE and NIGHTINGALE's expresses, throws, almost for the first time, some light on the extraordinary terror which prevailed among the white inhabitants of Jamaica. The GOVERNOR has already stated officially that no resistance was anywhere offered to the troops; but it seems that Colonel HOBBS and his men saw a few persons escaping with arms in their hands, and heard various rumours of rebel bands who were said to be alarming the neighbourhood. The Court-martial, as it was called, which attended the force, shot sixty-three prisoners, and flogged thirty-seven. The number of persons who were shot as fugitive enemies is not stated. There seems reason to believe that the white residents would have been exposed to great danger if the troops had not taken immediate possession of the district. Some of the persons who were punished were undoubtedly guilty, either in intention or in act; and if retributive severity had ended after three or four days of entire non-resistance to the troops, the conduct of the authorities would not have been severely scrutinized. But no hint of an excuse has yet been furnished for the executions which continued daily for three or four weeks afterwards. The colonial journals are now eager to retract their boasts that two thousand persons had perished by the bullet or the halter; but it is supposed by some persons that the number has been understated, and Mr. BOWERBANK himself admits that "the number is large, and must appear enormous to persons unacquainted with the circumstances of the case." As those who are fully acquainted with the circumstances suggest no reason whatever for wholesale slaughter, the number certainly does at present appear enormous. It will be the duty of the Commissioners to decide between two questionable statements.

The unexpected excitement which has been produced in England, and the suspension of the GOVERNOR's powers, will probably have the disadvantageous effect of encouraging unreasonable hopes on the part of the negroes. Agitators will not fail to assure their dupes that the QUEEN has approved the doctrines of GORDON and the practices of BOGLE. It is not the first time that want of wisdom on one side has promoted folly on the other. The best chance of correcting misapprehension, as well as of removing practical difficulties, lies in the substitution of a firm and impartial Government for the domination of a party or of a class. There fortunately seems to be only one opinion in the colony as to the

expediency of abolishing the Constitution. Fears are expressed that the institution of a local Council may create an obnoxious oligarchy, and, after the example of some old Greek and Italian cities when tired of the rule of factions, the people of Jamaica require, as the first qualification of their future rulers, that they shall not be chosen from among themselves. Englishmen alone can be trusted to be impartial, and the white inhabitants reasonably calculate that a Crown colony will be protected from anarchy by the whole force of the Imperial Government. The first Bill for changing the Constitution into a narrow aristocracy did little credit to the good sense of the Government, of the Executive Council, or of the Assembly. Wilder schemes have, however, been proposed by colonists, and by their friends at home; for projectors are even found to recommend that the vast black population of Jamaica should be deported to the coast of Africa. When Mr. LINCOLN dreamed of a similar method of disposing of the Southern negroes, he had the excuse of knowing that a white majority would remain behind. The exile of 450,000 blacks, for the benefit of 14,000 whites, would be a still more wonderful enterprise. The English Government is well advised in accepting the surrender of the colonial liberties, nor will the management of affairs for a time create any insuperable embarrassment. The main difficulty will commence when the provisional dictatorship approaches an end, and when it becomes necessary to invent a new Constitution. It is, however, prudent to avoid anticipating future troubles; and sanguine persons may hope that improved administration will effect a reform of the social and political condition of the island.

#### ITALY AND THE LIVRE JAUNE.

THE French Yellow-book contains in general as much of the diplomatic correspondence of the French Empire as it is desirable the French nation should read. M. DROUVIN DE LUYS, in all quarters of the globe, appears, to the admiring eyes of those who peruse the official papers, maganimous, triumphant, irrefragable. Mr. SEWARD may give himself airs in Congress, or in the New York journals, but he never will succeed in giving himself airs in the French Yellow-book. Whatever diplomatic unpleasantnesses in the Old or New World the French EMPEROR encounters, he is wise enough always to present himself to his own subjects in the attitude of a victorious controversialist.

Le coq français est le coq de la gloire;  
Par les revers il n'est point abattu,  
Il chante fort quand il gagne la victoire,  
Plus fort encore quand il est bien battu.  
Chanter toujours est sa grande vertu.

It is not, therefore, to the *Moniteur* or the *Livre Jaune* that Europe can turn for a complete *resumé* of the official diplomacy of France during the past year. But the *Livre Jaune* is not on that account an unimportant publication. It may be regarded as a manifesto consisting of a collection of those State Papers which set forth most clearly and distinctly the purpose and plan of France, as France intends her purpose and plan to be understood. On certain subjects, and during certain negotiations, the EMPEROR is accustomed to hide himself behind a cloud. He is probably engaged in many schemes which are concealed from the observation of the French and the European public. On other matters it is his desire to be precise and explicit, and with respect to these he would be very sorry to be obscure. When reserve would be impolitic, the *Livre Jaune* speaks without ambiguity. It may not contain the secret history of Imperial intrigues, but it contains a clear account of what HIS MAJESTY wishes to be known. In his recent relations with Italy and the Papacy NAPOLEON III. has invariably been candid and outspoken, because he is anxious that neither the Papal nor the Italian Government should be able to affect to mistake him. His greatest hope of carrying his own point, and of forcing both the POPE and the Italians into the course he has designed for them, is by a firm display of his will and power; and the Yellow-book affords him one more opportunity of nailing his colours to the mast, and assuring Italy and France and Europe that he is resolved not to depart a single hair's-breadth from the line he has marked out.

The French EMPEROR, at the beginning of the new year, once more pledges himself before France to fulfil frankly and faithfully his part of the September Convention. It is often the custom, both at Rome and at Florence, to insinuate that France will devise some expedient at the last moment by which she may escape from her obligations. This theory betrays little acquaintance with the position and character of NAPOLEON III. By any breach of the treaty he would irrevocably forfeit much of that influence on the Continent



which he has been at such pains to build up. Even Frenchmen now feel that the good faith of their country is involved, and that it is for the honour as well as for the interest of France that the French troops should really quit the Papal States. In proportion as the EMPEROR sees this, he becomes more and more solicitous about the future conduct both of His HOLINESS and of the Cabinet of Florence. The Vatican is obstinate and bigoted, and the Italians are an excitable nation, and he is fearful lest his projects should be thwarted by the sheer force of circumstances. His anxiety is marked by the nervous manner in which, at every stage of his diplomatic correspondence during the year, he takes occasion to warn Italy that the Convention must on her side be observed with the utmost and most scrupulous fidelity. Either an untoward revolution in the Papal metropolis, or the flight of the POPE from his dominions, would throw the French Government into a position of embarrassment and difficulty. To prevent the former, General LA MARMORA is admonished every month, and we had almost said every week, that Italy has promised neither directly nor indirectly to attack the temporal power of the Papacy. And at the same time no stone is left unturned to force Pío Nono into a policy of conciliation and reform, for if Pío Nono's advisers set their faces against reform, Rome is destined at the close of the year to become the scene of agitation and political perplexity. The Yellow-book opens with a despatch in which the EMPEROR urges on the Cabinet of Spain the propriety of recognising the Italian Kingdom, and of discouraging any project in virtue of which the POPE would take refuge at Madrid. The recognition of VICTOR EMMANUEL by Queen ISABELLA will give the Spanish Cabinet the power of urging moderate counsels upon Italy in a tone of friendliness and authority, and will help to open the POPE's eyes to the fact that his safety lies in following the advice so frequently tendered him by France. The restoration of diplomatic intercourse between Italy and Spain was therefore the result of French counsel and entreaty; and from this history we may gather a hint as to what is possibly happening at this moment in Vienna. France and Austria are undoubtedly drawing together in more ways than one; and NAPOLEON III., beyond all question, is using his newly acquired influence to persuade the Cabinet of Vienna to follow the example of the Cabinet of Madrid. We should not be surprised before long to hear even of an Austrian recognition of Italy and the *status quo*. Such a move would in reality be one more step gained towards the ultimate maintenance of the POPE's temporal power. It seems strange, if this be so, that His HOLINESS should so strenuously object to any such recognition. But it must be remembered that the POPE is quite as anxious not to be forced into a Liberal domestic policy by France as he is not to be driven from his throne. He has taken it into his head that to be led by the French EMPEROR would be a crime against religion, and he sees in the far distance a series of concessions to modern liberalism which will be the necessary consequence of abandoning his stubborn and dogged attitude of resistance. Even to be forced to fly into exile appears now and then to him to be the simpler and less sinful alternative. Heaven, which feeds the sparrows, is sure, somehow or other, to feed the successor of the Apostles, and to bring him back, in its own good time, to his natural metropolis. NAPOLEON III. is straining every nerve to combat this fatalistic view of the Vatican. M. PERSIGNY's mission was only one of many measures adopted by France with this object; and if French diplomacy can manage to render a Papal exodus impossible, it will not be for want of energy that French diplomacy fails.

The Yellow-book contains a distinct intimation that the rupture of the VEGEZZI negotiations was a matter of real regret to the EMPEROR's Government. Among other things one or two questions of fact are set at rest which were disputed at the time upon the Continent, and which in the course of the last few months have been almost forgotten in the interest created by subsequent events. It now appears that the VEGEZZI mission arose out of an initiative taken by the POPE in a letter to the King of Italy. This was asserted last summer by the Italian Government, and was vigorously denied by the Ultramontane journals; but the controversy, which never was of much importance, is finally determined by the EMPEROR's authoritative statement. And it is further clear that the mission of M. VEGEZZI came to an abrupt conclusion because of the POPE's refusal to make concessions on the subject of the *exequatur* and the episcopal oath. The matter is chiefly of moment as proving the obstinacy of the Vatican in everything that touches the question of the proper political relations between Church and State. Sooner than abate one jot or tittle of the principles so rigorously laid down in the last Encyclical, Pío Nono determined to abandon his own overtures, and to leave Italy without Bishops, and himself without religious repre-

sentatives and agents all over the peninsula. The great obstacle to a reconciliation between the Papacy and the Italian Government is not, therefore, the threatened hostility to the POPE's temporal power so much as the necessity, to which any future Italian Government is pledged, of modifying the political status and privileges of the Church within the Italian realm. While the present POPE lives, any Italian Concordat, on the model of the French Concordat of the beginning of the century, is out of the question. And on this point the mouth of the French EMPEROR is closed. He cannot urge the Italian Cabinet to make concessions which NAPOLEON I. would not make for France, or to sacrifice those liberal theories of Church and State which are now part and parcel of the French Constitution. In their despatches to their ambassador at Rome, the French Foreign Office do not pretend to say that the advisers of the King of ITALY should have yielded on the subject of the *exequatur*, and they abstain from entering on the discussion, for fear of exciting any "susceptibilities" at Rome. This virtually amounts to an admission that the King of ITALY could not do otherwise than he did; and we may be sure that NAPOLEON III. knows perfectly in his heart that the progress of Italian legislation is inevitably destined to widen, instead of narrowing, the breach between the Roman hierarchy and the Italian nation.

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY has not, however, abated his efforts to remove some of these political sources of difficulty, in the arrangement of which France is more peculiarly interested. The relative rights of the Italian Bishops and the Italian Crown cannot be a matter of concern to him, except so far as the controversy tends to embitter the general political situation. He is compelled to confine himself to working away at the outer crust of the Italian problem; and, if he can once secure the permanent independence of the POPE as a temporal sovereign, he will not be desirous of meddling in the domestic conflict between a Catholic Episcopacy and an anti-Catholic Legislature. The time now approaches for the transfer of a portion of the Pontifical debt to the shoulders of the King of ITALY; and the EMPEROR proposes a simple and unobjectionable expedient. The Italian Chamber can offer no opposition to the apportionment of a proper sum for the execution of the fourth Article of the Convention, and this sum will be lodged directly in M. ROTHSCHILD's hands. That gentleman will continue to pay the bondholders of the debt, and the bonds will be stamped with a notification that the Kingdom of Italy undertakes in future the liability. M. DROUYN DE LHUYS, six weeks ago, communicated to the Papal Cabinet this benevolent and delicate arrangement. Six weeks have passed, but M. DROUYN DE LHUYS has either received no reply, or at any rate no such reply as he can with decency print in the *Moniteur*. His HOLINESS will probably not decline to receive the proffered pecuniary sop; and all the Cardinals and Canons at the Vatican will be delighted to think that, in receiving it, His HOLINESS, like the Jews of old, is spoiling the Egyptians. It remains to be seen whether the POPE will not consider himself bound, from religious motives, to receive it as ungraciously as possible. He is right in being cautious. Nothing would be easier, on such an occasion, than to slip into an unorthodox admission that the provinces whose debt was being shifted must be acknowledged to have shifted their allegiance. But no ungraciousness on the part of the Vatican can avail to conceal the fact that in the indirect acceptance of the scheme is involved a tacit resignation of the Romagnans.

#### PROSPECTS OF REFORM.

THE old and new members who have for two or three days been amusing themselves by discussing Mr. BRIGHT's objection to swords and breeches, or by taking oaths about the Princess SOPHIA, have probably diversified their occupation by exchanging opinions and conjectures on the prospects of Reform. Enthusiastic advocates of change, and the much larger class of politicians which holds that Reform is unavoidable, may perhaps have concurred in the opinion that the Government will have a difficult task. It is announced that the Bill will not be introduced before Easter, and Parliamentary arithmeticians are already counting the available days of public business between the middle of April and the beginning of August. There is also reason to apprehend that Mr. BRIGHT is dissatisfied, or at least that he thinks it expedient to announce the possibility of contingent dissatisfaction. After recommending the acceptance of an imperfect measure, on the ground that simplicity would obviate opposition, Mr. BRIGHT and his adherents begin to fear that the franchise which was to form the essence of the Bill is not to be included in its

provisions. There is a report that, overborne by the remonstrances of his colleagues, Lord RUSSELL has consented, against his own judgment, to substitute a 6*l.* rating for a 6*l.* rental. If the author and patentee of Reform disapproves of his own scheme for the application of his own principle, the forthcoming Bill is not likely to be successful. As the deductions which are allowed in the assessment of rating value are arbitrary and uncertain, the net rental is, in theory, a better standard than the rating. The statistical returns which the Government must lay before Parliament will show the comparative effect of the rival plans in enlarging the constituency. It is not worth while to make any change except for the purpose of admitting the higher class of operatives and artisans, and it would be dangerous to swamp the present body of electors. Mr. BAINES alleges that a 6*l.* rental would add 330,000 votes to the register, while a 6*l.* rating franchise would include less than half the number; yet, by adopting the rack rental as the assessment, any district might, without expense to any ratepayer, obliterate the distinction. The larger addition is perhaps not alarming, if the quality is as unobjectionable as the quantity; and a measure which only increased the constituency by 150,000 would disappoint reasonable expectation. Mr. BAINES is a perfectly honest politician, but he is also a keen partisan, and therefore his arguments in favour of a Bill which is substantially his own must be received with hesitation. The Government will, at the best, have serious difficulty in carrying a measure which can by no possibility attract to itself enthusiastic support. The thoroughgoing Reformers have nothing to say for the Bill except that it will be an instalment, and that it will provide a lever for ulterior use. They are both prudent and consistent in determining to vote for the Government Bill, although, as long as the terms of the measure are still unsettled, they may occasionally stimulate lagging zeal by threatening opposition or desertion. The ominous mutterings of Radical journals, and the speeches at Reform meetings, discharge the function of the Ghost in *Hamlet*, by whetting from time to time Lord RUSSELL's almost blunted purpose.

One of the most notable of the recent gatherings was held on Tuesday last, at Manchester, under the familiar presidency of Mr. GEORGE WILSON, formerly Chairman of the Corn Law League, and of its posthumous shadow or Rump. The party which he represents is still strong enough to return one of the members for Manchester, although it has succeeded in converting South Lancashire into a Conservative county. The moderate member who defeated the second candidate of the extreme Manchester Reformers was not present at the meeting, but his place was supplied by a few strangers, including Mr. LEATHAM, Dr. SANDWICH, and Mr. LYULPH STANLEY. Mr. LEATHAM made a good speech; Dr. SANDWICH made an absurd one; and Mr. STANLEY, a young gentleman of the school which is personified in Lord AMBERLEY, avowed with imprudent candour that the Reform demanded by the meeting was nothing less than a shifting of the balance of political power. If the operation were completed, the unknown son of a Peer and Cabinet Minister would perhaps not be invited to address a Manchester meeting. The principal speakers argued, as might have been expected, in favour, not of a 6*l.* franchise, but of universal suffrage. The Chairman represented that, even if the expected Bill were carried, "the painful fact would still remain that some millions of men against whom no moral or personal disqualification existed would be deprived of the suffrage." Some millions of men are not peers, nor judges, nor even chairmen of Leagues and Manchester meetings; and it would be offensive to attribute their bad fortune to moral or personal disqualification. In protesting against the refusal to concede universal suffrage, Mr. WILSON furnishes the opponents of all Reform Bills with additional proofs that a limited enfranchisement will scarcely interrupt agitation. Mr. BAZLEY was astonished at the insufficient appreciation which had been accorded to Mr. BRIGHT's liberality and moderation in proposing to take one step at a time. That the people would return representatives who would obtain for them the remaining concessions which are required, seemed to Mr. BAZLEY as obvious as to his political adversaries. Mr. POTTER boasted that the Liberal party had been unanimously willing to accept a moderate measure of Reform, and he even suggested that the adjustment of the franchise would leave room for the prosecution of improvements of a different character. If the reformed House of Commons is to satisfy the expectations of Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. BAZLEY, several Sessions must be spent in the completion of the democratic edifice. When universal suffrage is established, there will perhaps be a Bill for the reform of the House of Lords to be considered before Mr. POTTER's proposed measures are discussed. Even

if necessary changes in the suffrage are postponed, it is certain that the redistribution of seats will be urgently demanded. As Mr. CHEETHAM pathetically complained, Mr. LOWE, with a constituency of 200 voters, has an equal voice with the representative of 5,000 electors of Salford. An illogical House declines to pay Mr. CHEETHAM twenty-five times the attention which it concedes to Mr. LOWE. With equal electoral districts, and a sufficiently low franchise, there is reason to hope that the influence of knowledge and ability would be effectually destroyed.

Dr. SANDWICH, who acquired some years ago due credit for his conduct at Kara, appears to regard political questions in a furious spirit which implies, to use a mild phrase, entire inexperience. If he wishes to become a politician he ought to learn the rudiments of his business, and to understand that it is at present the cue of Reformers to cajole the actual possessors of power, instead of abusing them. If Dr. SANDWICH wants to know who plundered the Roman Catholic Church at the Reformation, he ought to apply to Lord RUSSELL for information about the title-deeds of Woburn. Who, he asks, at a later period fattened on sinecures? Who taxed the bread of the people? Who despoil younger children to keep up a privileged order ennobled by unearned honours? Are Belgians, Frenchmen, Germans, and colonists to be deemed worthy of the suffrage, and are Englishmen to be excluded? Are we to rank with felons the hard-working honest sons of toil? If the effect of the Government Reform Bill will be to confiscate impropriated Church lands, to abolish the unearned honours of Lord AMBERLEY and other heirs-apparent of peerages, to rake up again old quarrels about sinecures and Corn-laws, and to establish the right of the whole unconvicted section of the community to elect members of Parliament, Dr. SANDWICH cannot too religiously keep the secret until his allies have secured, by entirely opposite assurances, the adoption of the measure. No weight need be attached to the violent language of a novice in politics, who perhaps thought, like an unpractised speaker in a large building, that his only chance of being heard was to shout as loud as possible. Crude utterances only deserve notice when they express the real opinions of more cautious politicians. Mr. LEATHAM more judiciously declared that, since the repeal of the Corn-laws, there has been neither real nor apparent antagonism between the interests of different classes. "In this country the great and venerable institutions of the State command, and justly, the respect and allegiance of us all." An able and promising member of the late House of Commons knew better than to denounce the privilege of sitting by inheritance in the House of Lords.

No political section is more thoroughly dissatisfied than the small and highly respectable body of philosophical or artificial Reformers. Some of the constitutional schemes which they have devised are both ingenious and plausible, and all their projects are recommended by a sincere and enlightened desire to secure justice to all classes. Almost the only objection to some of their contrivances is the want of motive power. There is no popular demand for any measure of Reform, except because it tends to increase the power of the numerical majority. It is possible that the Government might have imposed, as the condition of its adhesion to the cause of Reform, the enactment of some complicated measure which would give the working-classes a definite and limited share of electoral power. The application of household suffrage to the largest towns only, or to certain districts created for the purpose, would enable the operatives to return forty or fifty members of their own. The more uniform pressure of a general reduction of the franchise will perhaps vulgarize the representation, without affecting the supremacy of petty tradesmen. If the Ministers had resolved to try a novel experiment, they would have deserved the support of moderate Liberals; but it is not certain that an elaborate project of compensations and balances would succeed in practice. The educated classes, and minorities in general, are better protected by the inequality and diversity of constituencies than by any symmetrical contrivance. A cluster of members for the working-classes would perhaps learn to act together, not directly for the objects which might interest their constituents, but in the hope of acquiring influence by a separate organization. Political anomalies are often extremely useful, but at a certain stage in constitutional growth Nature ceases to be fertile of fictions. It would be difficult to explain why the franchise should be granted to artisans in one town and not in another. When such discrepancies seem to have arisen by accident, they produce no discontent; but a modern Act of Parliament is examined more critically than history or tradition. If the Government



does anything, its success will be due to a general belief that something must be done. The particular plan which has been selected may perhaps be as feasible as any other, but it is not liked either by those who desire or by those who deprecate Reform.

#### SPAIN AND SPANISH COLONIES.

THINGS are quiet again in Spain. PRIM has consented to retire into Portugal, whither he was so gently impelled; and so far as he has received any notice at all there, the Portuguese world has been given to understand that he is to be looked on as a hero who tried to free his countrymen from despotism, but failed. Few heroes have ever attained their glory in so quiet, meek, and comfortable a way. All he did was to move by gentle stages from Toledo to the Portuguese frontier. Then the wandering hero was told that he and his companions must surrender their arms, or the Spaniards would be permitted to follow them; so he ordered his soldiers to disarm themselves, and then the hero's work was done. PRIM probably did not see the humorous side of his expedition so clearly as it shines forth to outsiders, or it might have struck him that there would be a feeble sort of amusement in taking the Portuguese at their word, and preferring that the Spaniards should follow him. They would never have caught him, and would only have attended on him as an escort, at a respectful distance, till they had conducted him to Lisbon, and would probably have just come up in time to cheer him as he embarked on the Southampton steamer. However, the hero had had enough of marching and countermarching, and longed for a little repose, and was therefore content that his great struggle against despotism should cease at the frontier. And it may be a great comfort to him to know how very kindly he is thought of in the country which he has temporarily left. No one says a bad word of him. The Senate addresses the QUEEN with fervent protestations of loyalty, and Marshal O'DONNELL assures the Chamber of Deputies that every possible exertion shall be made to hurry on the time when Madrid may be relieved from its state of siege, but the heroic PRIM is never blamed. He is spoken of as Sir CHARLES WOOD happens now to be spoken of in England. Sir CHARLES WOOD has had a bad fall, and cannot show in public just now, and people take the opportunity to discuss whether he can do much for the country when he is at his best. But he retains all his honours; he is a Cabinet Minister, and governs India just the same, whether he tumbles off his horse or not; and in private circles he is mentioned with pity and esteem, and with the admiration due to a man who has come to grief in an honourable and sportsmanlike way. Just so PRIM is temporarily away from Madrid, and has made a mistake, and cannot appear for the present; and the Madrid circles doubt whether his heroic efforts against despotism are quite the thing most wanted in Spain. But every one has a kind word for him, and the QUEEN insists that he shall retain his rank and honours, and he enjoys the distinction of being, among all Spanish notabilities, the last who has tried to get up a revolution. Not to have headed a revolution is, in Spain and Spanish colonies, the mark of a very small man. Such a person is, among politicians, what a man who is always made an Under-Secretary, but can never get into the Cabinet, is with us; and the last chief of a revolution is, in Spain, like what the last man who has got into the Cabinet is with us. People talk about PRIM in Spain as they do here of Mr. GOSCHEN, and it makes no difference whether the Cabinet goes out here or the revolution fails in Spain. Mr. GOSCHEN is a Cabinet Minister, and would have been one if Lord RUSSELL resigned to-morrow. PRIM has been the last revolutionary chief, although his revolution is over, and existed mainly, while it lasted, in his moving peacefully in a litter towards the frontier of Portugal.

Marshal O'DONNELL, when speaking of the continuance of a state of siege at Madrid, took the occasion to assure the Chamber that if the Legislature wished to have his head off he should have no objection whatever to be beheaded, because he had valour, and was anxious for nothing except to serve his QUEEN and country. It was a very safe offer; as, if any one had ventured to propose that the Marshal should be executed, the Marshal, having the sole disposal of the whole military force of the country, would have instantly had his enemy arrested and shot. But it must be supposed that the PRIME MINISTER had some object in saying what he said, and considered that it would be acceptable to his countrymen. They must be taken to like hearing their PRIME MINISTER say that he is willing to be executed, and

assign as a reason for his willingness that he has valour. This is a trait of Spanish manners almost as extraordinary as the national admiration and tenderness for a man who has tried to get up a revolution. Spaniards have, in fact, a peculiar way of talking and writing on political matters. Quite apart from the matter in hand, and quite apart from their own feelings and views, they try to imagine to themselves what abstractedly would be the most noble, imposing, and decorous thing to say, and they say it. The nation, through long habit, has got to like and expect such utterances, just as the Athenians, it may be supposed, liked the sentiments embodied in the choruses of Greek plays—a taste, we may imagine, that could have been only formed very gradually. A well-known Spanish nobleman some little time ago declared in his place in Congress that the financial credit of Spain was like a mirror, which, if even breathed on, was overclouded and useless. The metaphor was very much admired and cheered, but no Spaniard thought of paying the national debts for the sake of a metaphor; and Marshal O'DONNELL feels himself quite as safe as he did before he offered to lay his head on the block. But although the Spaniards are so fond of revolutions and rodomontade, they have another side to their character, and are also very ready to fight. They do not mind the object of fighting being trivial or useless; nor do they stop to consider whether they can succeed, or if success would be worth having if obtained. They fire up if their sense of honour is touched, and would like to annihilate, if possible, the enemies who dare to offend them. They are now breathing insufferable rage against the Chilians; they consider themselves insulted and wronged. Like the little special constable in Leech's drawings, they thought that as long as they blockaded Chilian ports and condemned Chilian vessels it was all right; but when the Chilians, in turn, took a Spanish vessel, it was—as they were pleased to say, with a fine contempt for the meaning of words—sheer cowardly treason. They now cry out for the fiercest vengeance on Chili. All the coast towns of Chili are to be bombarded until not one stone is left upon another. All Chilian vessels are to be chased over the wide Pacific, until they are not captured, but sunk. Apparently, if this is the way in which they intend to wage war, they have enough work before them. It is evident that Peru will help Chili. The existing Government of Peru—the Government, that is, which existed at the date when the last mail left—came into office as we should say, or in point of fact carried on a revolution for some months, on the very point of the great duty of Peru not to yield to Spain. The Government that has been turned out agreed to pay something like four millions sterling to Spain as the price of peace, and their more spirited successors ask why the four millions, if they are to be wasted, should not be spent in making war on Spain instead of being stupidly and perversely spent in enriching her.

It is difficult to see how either party to the contest can hurt the other very much. The Spaniards cannot land in Chili or Peru unless they send a large body of men half round the world, nor can they make the blockade of the Chilian ports so effective as to damage Chilian commerce very seriously. The unfortunate Admiral who has thought it worth while to kill himself because his success against a feeble foe was not perfectly uniform, evidently expected that the Chilians, being utterly unprepared for war, would give in directly things looked serious, and that thus he would have earned a reasonable amount of cheap glory with very little trouble. But as the Chilians are determined to bear anything and do anything rather than give in, and as the Peruvians have joined them, Spain has a very severe contest before her, and it will be severe chiefly because it will be exceedingly expensive to her. A fleet at the other end of the world is a very costly luxury, more especially if the Power that owns it is cut off from coal. If the Peruvians and Chilians work the Chilian coal and start a flotilla of small steamers, the Spaniards will have no chance of keeping them in check; and all over the globe Spain has something, however little, to lose, while Chili and Peru have nothing. It is true that Spain may lay one or two Chilian and Peruvian towns in ashes if she pleases, and so long as her naval superiority in those waters lasts she may seize and hold the guano islands. But it will be very difficult for the vessels stationed there to obtain supplies. The colonists, too, are in much better credit than Spain, and for the present could borrow without difficulty, whereas borrowing, except in a very indirect way and on very onerous terms, is impossible for Spain. The chances are in favour of the South Americans, and the longer the war lasts, the more will time, probably, run

against the Spaniards. It is said that the Chilians and Peruvians expect several vessels of war from the United States and from England; and if this is true, and the vessels reach their destination, or get out to sea and prey on Spanish commerce, the Spaniards will soon find that making war on a little Power merely for the fun of the thing, and to establish a sort of sham reputation of being not quite unlike a great Power, is not quite so satisfactory a process as they expected. It will be our duty and our interest to do our utmost to stop the exit of all such vessels from English ports, but then comes in one of the greatest of all the difficulties suggested by the case of the *Alabama*. How is a neutral Government to act unless it gets information, and how can it get information unless the aggrieved belligerent takes the trouble to furnish evidence? In the American war this difficulty did not arise, because the Federal Government had a host of active, well-paid agents, who were unceasing in their espial of Confederate designs. But a little, poor Power like Spain cannot afford to keep up a staff of informers, and we shall only learn too late that a Chilian vessel has sailed from England. It would be much better to show how this difficulty is to be surmounted than to indulge in vague declamations about our duty to be rigidly neutral.

#### METROPOLITAN VESTRIES.

A GREAT social question is impending, and a Reform Bill is coming, the immediate importance of which some practical people think to be scarcely inferior to any extension of the franchise in favour of that pet of the idealists—the “intelligent working-man.” The main function of government, for which empires, kingdoms, confederations, and republics exist, is that the people may live. All local and minor and subordinate government has but one and the same end, which is the health and well-being of the social body. What is true of the nation is true of the smaller communities of which the nation consists—of municipalities, town corporations, parishes, vestries, and the like centres of local government. In England, we govern, or try to govern, ourselves; in despotic countries, the people, willingly or otherwise, consent or submit to be governed. But in either case the end is the same—it is to have the work done; and the world's common sense seems to be coming to the conclusion that, if the work is not done, the beautiful phrase of self-government is but a poor apology for anarchy; while, on the other hand, hideous as is the bugaboo of despotic centralization, the terrors of a strong executive are very considerably modified if we can only live in peace, prosperity, health, cleanliness, and decency. The shrewd Yankee mind has discovered that liberty is a fine thing to make speeches about, but in the mortal agony of its destinies the Yankee mind found it convenient to submit to a grinding tyranny; and here, in London, we are inquiring with a rude pertinacity what we get by local self-government in our Metropolitan Vestries. The Radicals, as represented by an extreme professor of advanced thought, Mr. BEALE, are ready with a proposition to sweep away all the existing forms of self-government in London; and even Sir GEORGE GREY, in a tentative and halting way, is prepared to inquire whether many of the functions which are not discharged by the parishes might not be transferred elsewhere. Meanwhile, a converging series of facts begins to impress the public mind with the conviction that a Reform Bill is wanted. London is daily growing more and more uninhabitable. The dangers of the streets are impressed on the mind, if any such there be, of Lord Mayors, by Lord Chief Barons. We have a Smoke Consumption Act which is only a dead letter. We have a string of sanitary regulations, and a staff of health officers who exist only for the purpose of being snubbed and insulted by the Vestries. We have Inspectors of Nuisances who retain their posts and the confidence of their employers, the Vestries, only on the understanding that they let well—which in this case means ill—alone. We have Paving Boards whose purpose seems to be to oscillate between reckless profusion of expenditure on streets where vestrymen dwell, and parsimonious neglect elsewhere; Cleansing Committees which three weeks ago left all London, for three whole days, in a state rather worse than Ballarat or San Francisco; Inspectors of Gas who week after week delight us with the assurance that our London gas is the very worst in Europe; and scientific microscopists who, with considerate punctuality, take up their parable on the increasing animal matter in our public supply of water. Fever nests, homes of typhus, spots which the coming cholera has already marked for its own—these are our Household Words. Whether the present governing

bodies of London are competent or willing to perform their most elementary duties, is a question which receives some light from the recent doings of the Guardians of Lambeth and Stepney with regard to their poor. But, after all, we can better understand the capacity of governors by watching them in the process of government. We judge Parliaments and Congresses by their debates, and the London Vestries cannot complain if they are subjected to the same practical test.

Dr. JEAFFERSON—it is not his first or least service to the cause of public propriety—addressed a letter to the *Times*, on Saturday last, in which he produced some of the private annals of the St. Pancras Parliament. He quoted from a local newspaper, the *Marylebone Mercury*, the account of a debate in the St. Pancras Vestry on the Report of their Health Officer, Dr. HILLIER, a distinguished physician, on certain steps which, in his official capacity, he considered it necessary for the Vestry to take in anticipation of the cholera. Dr. HILLIER's Report, a very mild document, resolved the august and reverend parish conclave into an indignation meeting. “St. Pancras,” observed the shrewd physician, “is the most populous district in the metropolis; it should have the character of being the most prudent and energetic in caring for the health of the population. This is a character which it has not yet acquired.” Hereupon up starts a Mr. ROSS. “This portion of Dr. HILLIER's Report borders on impertinence”; and he then moves that it be expunged. “Carried unanimously.” Dr. HILLIER continues with some observations on the sort of places in which cholera might be expected. Mr. NORTH again interrupts, and “protested against medical officers meeting in conclave, and concocting sensational reports. . . . These medical officers of health had the coolness to tell the Vestries, by whom they were engaged and paid, that they did not do their duty.” Dr. COLLINS considered the Report calculated to bring the Vestry into contempt. . . . The medical officers of the metropolis had “precisely the same object in view, and, with the wretch of a Coroner for Middlesex at their head, had sought by all means to bring ridicule on the various Vestries.” After a good deal more interruption, Dr. HILLIER's Report was proceeded with, and a Mr. JENKINSON observed “that defective drainage contributed to the progress of fever”; but “he was suddenly called to order, and had to sit down.” Subsequently a row royal ensued. One WATSON said, “he would not be hounded down by Mr. NORTH,” whereupon the aforesaid COLLINS remarked “that it was most contemptible for Mr. NORTH to say that Mr. WATSON did not know what he was talking about,” &c. &c.

All these little amenities occurred in the sitting of January 20. We have been at the trouble of pursuing our Conscript Fathers, and from the *Marylebone Mercury* of January 27 we find the sequel of this edifying discussion. Dr. HILLIER replied to his gentlemanly critics; and, now that a little light has forced itself into the recesses of the Vestry Hall, it is gratifying to be able to say that the last Vestry Meeting was not marked by any very gross outrage on propriety, and Dr. HILLIER's very able Report was quietly and decently referred to the Sanitary Committee for consideration. Those who are on public grounds interested in the working of municipal government in London will doubtless, if they take the trouble of looking through a file of the *Marylebone Mercury*, find ample materials to illustrate the capacity of St. Pancras vestrymen to govern both others and themselves. The value of the reports of these debates in Vestry is not inconsiderable as bearing on the necessity of a reform in the Local Government Act, because a Constitution is always to be estimated by the sort of rulers whom it brings to the surface. We do not say that all the St. Pancras vestrymen exhibit the manners and temper which too many of them displayed in reviewing Dr. HILLIER's Report; but St. Pancras does not stand alone. The sting of Dr. HILLIER's Report was in its tail. The medical officers of London have determined upon common action:—“They have unanimously resolved to make similar recommendations to their several Vestries and District Boards. The responsibility of those who decline to give heed to such recommendations will be very great.” If the cholera comes, the Health Officers of London will have done their duty; the requisite works as to sewerage and cleansing the streets and removing nuisances and regulating the water supply ought to be executed during the cold weather, and as precautionary measures. A time of panic is not that in which we can trust the heads, any more than we can at present trust the hearts, of vestrymen. This is what Dr. HILLIER and his colleagues mean—indeed what they say; but this does not suit those “by whom they are engaged and paid.” And who are these gentlemen, the masters and employers of educated physicians? Dr.



JEAFFRESON has analysed the constitution of some of the Vestries down East. But in St. Pancras, of course, we expect better things. St. Pancras is not only the largest parochial community in London, but it embraces much wealth, intelligence, and education. It comprises all the rich district about Gordon Square, the highly respectable Fitzroy, Brunswick, and Mecklenburgh Squares, half the Regent's Park, and the whole range of intelligent people who dwell in the enormous mass of houses sweeping through Kentish Town to the top of Highgate Hill. To whom do all these thousands of householders commit the care of the health, comfort, and even the life of themselves, their families, and their poorer neighbours? The St. Pancras Vestry comprises, if we are not misinformed, five publicans, three builders, four undertakers, two coffee-house keepers, five grocers, two butchers, two bakers, two tailors, two gas inspectors, and one of each of the following trades—namely, oilman, dealer in building materials, nurseryman, printer, bricklayer, lodging-house keeper, linendraper, pianoforte-string maker, carpenter, chemist, corn-chandler, milkman, poulterer, broker, gas collector, pianoforte-maker, brush-maker, cabinet-maker, paper-hanger, gas-fitter, floor-cloth maker, and muffin-baker. Of course we are not saying that these businesses are disreputable, or that they disqualify a man from holding parish or any other offices; and we frankly admit that good sense and good feeling are to be found in St. Pancras vestrymen, as in all other collections of persons taken from the lower strata of English middle life. But the reverse of these qualities is also present, and makes itself very prominent. And anyhow, in such a parish as St. Pancras, the liberal professions and education and refinement ought to be somehow represented; and those qualities which this particular assembly does not exhibit ought not to be entirely absent. If the system is such that parochial offices and parochial management will not be undertaken by educated people, no stronger condemnation of it can be imagined. Their qualifications for governing London the Vestries are not careful to conceal. In fact, they parade them. No doubt, there is no legal impediment to prevent barristers, and lawyers, and clergymen, and merchants, and physicians from getting seats on the St. Pancras Vestry. The fact is, however, they do not get them, and would not accept them if they could get them. Even personal self-interest, the strongest of human motives, cannot induce educated men to face a London Vestry-hall—or, at least, St. Pancras Vestry-hall. Not that it would in the least matter, if the work were done, that the workers were, as in St. Pancras, publicans and grocers, butchers and bakers. But the work is not done, and never will be done by the present instruments; and better instruments are impossible under the existing system. It would be idle to draw the self-evident inference.

#### THE FRENCH BUDGET.

M. FOULD has just achieved the highest glory of a financial Frenchman. He has invented a new Budget. We do not mean merely that he has added the Budget of this year to its long line of predecessors—doomed, perhaps, like them, to illustrate the difference between hope and fruition. But he has discovered and extracted from the essence of things an entirely novel and original species of Budget, and, considering how large the family already was in France, this is no small evidence of administrative genius. A French legislator with a soul for figures may now indulge himself with the contemplation of at least a score of Budgets. He may study the past in the finally audited Budgets, ordinary and extraordinary, of 1863. He may study the corresponding pair of rectified Budgets for 1864. He may speculate on the now almost ascertained results of the two Budgets for 1865, with their appropriate rectifications. He has long since had before him an ordinary and extraordinary Budget for 1866, and has recently had the opportunity of considering the additional items of the rectifying estimates for that year. The preliminary statement of the MINISTER OF FINANCE was presented a month ago, and now three more Budgets are introduced for 1867, including, besides the ordinary and extraordinary accounts, the last new invention, the Sinking Fund Budget. When everything is thus classified and ticketed and labelled, so as to present a complete picture of the past, the present, and the future, what man of systematic and well-regulated mind can question the perfection of the Imperial accounts and the economy of the MINISTER OF FINANCE? The last improvement, the Sinking Fund Budget, has really the appearance of substance about it. The allocation of funds is, no doubt, as capricious as need be, and their ultimate destination rests in the breast of the EMPEROR himself. But the new

plan is the close of a long series of juggles by which this unlucky Sinking Fund has been made under the Empire, as indeed it was under previous dynasties, to serve every conceivable purpose except the liquidation of debt. The carrying of certain items to a new head of account is in itself a mere matter of financial arrangement; but it is intended to signify that in future the ordinary and extraordinary Budgets are to show no fictitious items on either side, and are to be made to balance, if balance they can, by the actual equality of receipts and payments. It is an intelligible plan for a country to raise a revenue in excess of its wants, and to apply the balance in satisfaction of debt. We do not attempt in this country to make any such provision beforehand. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER generally brings in a nearly balanced estimate; and, indeed, public opinion would not allow him to demand taxes avowedly in excess of contemplated expenditure for the express purpose of cancelling a portion of existing debt. Still the growing prosperity of the country brings in constantly increasing revenues, the estimated expenditure is not commonly exceeded to any large extent, and debt is, in point of fact, paid off from year to year, though no provision has been made for the purpose. In France they manage things differently. They do make provision for the payment of debt, but when the time comes they have something else to do with the cash, and the debt is not paid off. It is not that the resources of the country fail to expand in the same way, if not in the same degree, as our own; but the expenditure has always hitherto exceeded official expectation more largely than the revenue. The best that can be said of the present situation is that this annual excess has been falling from 9,000,000*l.*, in 1862, to 3,500,000*l.*, in 1865; and this partial success in enforcing economy has encouraged M. FOULD to attempt once more to make the Sinking Fund a reality. His new arrangement of the State accounts has in it much of the quaintness which seems inseparable from the French system. To provide a surplus, and devote it to the extinction of Rentes, would have been a very simple way of effecting M. FOULD's object; but, not content with this, he thinks it necessary to specify precisely which of the receipts of the State are supposed to be specially applied to the creation of this hoped-for surplus. And a very odd selection he has made; for not only are certain elements of income nominally set aside for the dotation of the Sinking Fund, but the account is charged on the other side with various items of expenditure besides the actual payment of debt. The credit side of this new Budget is made up of the proceeds of Forests, 1,400,000*l.*; one-tenth of certain direct imposts, 1,000,000*l.*; and the profits of the Caisse des Dépôts et Consignations—that is, banking profits on deposited monies—100,000*l.*; altogether about 2,500,000*l.* Against this are charged, by an arbitrary arrangement, guarantees for railway interest 1,250,000*l.*, and certain annuities amounting to 500,000*l.*, altogether about 1,750,000*l.*, leaving a disposable surplus for the Sinking Fund of 750,000*l.* It would have been simpler, though no doubt less scientific, to say that the Estimates had been calculated to leave this amount of surplus, and that it was intended to devote it to the genuine purpose of a Sinking Fund. The substance, however, will be the same when the surplus comes; and if M. FOULD ever gets it, and if, when he has got it, he is allowed to apply it as he wishes, he will have every reason to congratulate himself on a Ministerial triumph.

As had long been foreseen, M. FOULD is beginning to be hard pressed to find special windfalls to make up the account of his extraordinary Budget. There are no fag ends of old loans, and there is no opening for a disguised loan under the name of a conversion of public stock. The sale of public forests has already been pushed as far as is prudent, and the old device of making up the deficiency by carrying the Sinking Fund endowment bodily to the extraordinary Budget is put an end to by the new form of the accounts. There remain a possible 1,000,000*l.* due from Mexico, and some miscellaneous receipts, amounting altogether to another million. But the extraordinary outlay is more than 5,000,000*l.*, and the balance is made up by an assumed surplus of more than 3,000,000*l.* on the ordinary Budget. The greater part of this is destined to public works of various kinds, including the restoration of cathedrals, and the funds are intended to be secured by continuing all the existing taxes, increasing as they are in annual productiveness, while the ordinary expenditure is to be reduced by various economies to the aggregate extent of about 1,000,000*l.* This, if not a brilliant, is at any rate a wholesome financial scheme, and we hope M. FOULD may see it realized. His real strength lies in the undoubted growth of French industry and revenue, but the aggregate of small

savings can scarcely be looked upon as secure until the rectifying Budget has shown how far it will be maintained. To some extent, these savings result from improved organization. The Financial Ministry saves 100,000*l.* by a readjustment of its staff, and the fusion of certain offices. In the Army the expenses are reduced, without, as we are told, any loss of efficiency, by 500,000*l.*; the reductions being purely financial and administrative, and in no sense of a political character. The Navy cuts down its expenditure in like manner, on paper, by 250,000*l.* Something is taken from the customary outlay on agriculture and public works. The EMPEROR's stables economize to the value of 15,000*l.*, and so, by judicious parings on every side, the desired reduction of 1,000,000*l.* is achieved, or at least promised. On the other hand, the estimates of ordinary income show a satisfactory increase, the improvement in a single year being calculated at 1,000,000*l.* This is probably not at all an extravagant expectation, for past experience has shown that it represents the normal growth of the revenue of France. With this great fact in his favour, M. FOULD need never despair, and as he has now reached the turning-point of a balanced, or nearly balanced, Budget, it is not absolutely impossible that he may, in 1867, find the disposable surplus which he looks for, and apply it, if nothing intervenes to prevent him, to the cancelling of a portion of the National Debt. But the contingencies that must all be determined in his favour before this happy result can be brought about are neither few nor small. Mexico must regularly pay her annual million; peace must be maintained with all the world; America must cease to threaten, and the POPE and Italy to trouble, the gentle spirit of France; commerce must go on, as of late, without serious interruptions; harvests must not be exceptionally bad, and the EMPEROR must be exceptionally economical and self-denying. All these things, of course, are possible; but the Budget is calculated in January 1866 for the year 1867, and may be disturbed by any one of a score of untoward possibilities. Nor is it possible to forget that this is only one of a series of Budgets in each of which a surplus has been vainly predicted. Still M. FOULD may congratulate himself that deficits have been gradually diminishing, and he may look forward, at any rate, without despair.

#### PERSECUTION.

WE have pretty well come to the conclusion that persecution is to be abandoned. There are, indeed, certain minor forms in which it still survives. Every one would think it wrong to burn so much as a curate in Smithfield, or to put the boots upon the legs even of a Dissenting minister. But, short of personal violence, there are a good many ways in which we may still make it very unpleasant for a man to hold the creed of the minority. We may put him under a social ban of any degree of stringency; and, more than that, there is a constant effort to extend the province of legislation up to the very verge of intolerance, and, without coming into actual collision with any of the now popular maxims, to try to get the advantages, without the odium, of persecution. The name of persecutor has, however, fortunately become decidedly invidious. It is now fashionable for Protestants and Roman Catholics alike to try to throw the blame of past pccadilloes upon each other. "You burnt us," says one party, "under Queen Mary." "Yes," it is replied, "but we were ourselves hanged under Queen Elizabeth." Reproaches for the crimes of two or three centuries back are generally futile enough; they are taunts thrown in to spoil an antagonist's temper, and are not to be considered as serious arguments. The discussion, however, sometimes proceeds a step further. "It is true," a Roman Catholic will allege, "that both parties made a pretty free use of stakes and faggots; but then it was natural in us; whereas nothing could be more illogical than a prosecution carried out by the upholders of the right of private judgment." To which the retort is sometimes made, "If persecution was logical then, it must be logical now; you have no right to boast of your obedience to precepts of toleration, when, on your own showing, persecution was a natural corollary to your principles. It was all very well for the Giant Pope to sit in his cave biting his nails at pilgrims because he could not get at them; but when he takes to saying that he is a convert to toleration, and would not do them any harm if he could, we have a right to remark that the grapes are sour." This, in fact, raises the question whether a man who holds himself to be infallibly right, and who further holds that his dogmas are of infinite importance to his neighbours, can possibly evade the inference that he ought to use every means, including physical force, for imposing them upon heretics. If a man is perfectly convinced that the consequences of not believing a given dogma are as pernicious as the consequences of committing murder, is he not bound to use the same means of suppressing one as the other? To talk about allowing freedom of opinion, when the consequences of going wrong are too awful to be mentioned, and when, further, you are quite certain that going wrong means differing from you, seems to be a solecism. If a man were

seducing emigrants into a ship with a view to sinking it in the midst of the Atlantic, it would be highly desirable to hang him. And, according to some authorities, the author of a heresy produces far worse consequences than drowning.

There are, of course, certain loopholes by which this conclusion may be escaped; as, indeed, it is very difficult to construct any kind of logical trap from which there is absolutely no means of evasion. When an antagonist is driven, as it seems, to the very last corner, it is hard if he cannot jump over your head, or escape between your legs. It may be worth while considering whether any of the ordinary artifices are permissible in this case, because an important conclusion might follow. We are quite certain that, whatever may be said, every one would shrink from avowing even a theoretical right to persecution. If therefore the duty of persecution were bound by an irrefragable logical chain to a belief in the importance of dogmas, only one of three things would be possible—either that some people have a lurking doubt about their own infallibility, or that they don't think it really essential that every one should agree with them, or that they are not capable of logical reasoning. Or, possibly, all three propositions might be true. The commonest form of evading the acknowledgment that persecution is a duty, is by asserting, in some form or other, that it is useless. Truth, in order to be established, it is said, only requires to be freely discussed; and a man who is safely landed in the region of indisputable truth may look on with perfect security at the wanderings of the rest of mankind; he can afford not to scourge them into the right path, because he is perfectly certain that they will ultimately reach the desired goal. To make this answer thoroughly satisfactory requires, however, a further assumption—namely, that they will get there as quickly if they are left to themselves; and this would be a very bold saying from most men, inasmuch as it would be hard to specify the one point upon which people must have been converging, according to this theory, ever since the principle of toleration was generally adopted. In those subjects upon which all thinking men are agreed, such as mathematics and the established branches of science, opinions have no doubt coincided without external prompting; though it would be difficult to assert that even mathematical opinion would not have been more quickly unanimous if a denial of the first law of motion had been punishable with seven years' transportation. In questions of theology or politics, where thinking men have in all ages been very apt to disagree, it is hard to say that the disagreement has diminished since it ceased to be a good cause for burning and hanging. In fact, whatever may be the case as regards true opinions, there seems no reason for doubting that axe and cord may be efficient means of extirpating errors. An error is, according to this theory, something which will naturally die out for want of root, and we should be inclined to believe, *prima facie*, that it will die all the quicker if we forcibly cut it down. The case becomes stronger still if we believe, in accordance with at least the ordinary interpretation of history, that not only error, but truth, may be so extirpated. A Protestant must admit that his creed has been more than once very effectually stamped out. The religious creed of England appeared, at any rate, for a long time to be dependent upon the will of its rulers. We revolted from the Papacy, and came back to it again much as we were ordered to do by our superiors. The mass of the nation was obedient to the word of command, and the few zealots who were beyond the reach of such arguments were small enough in numbers and in weight to be quite within the power of a resolute government. They might have been effectually crushed, much as the Lollards or the Hussites had been crushed before them, and much as the Catholic minority were, in fact, crushed afterwards. Protestantism, again, was destroyed by sufficiently systematic persecution in all the southern countries of Europe where it had gained a temporary hold; and the burden of proof, at least, rests with those who would maintain that it had more vitality in England. Christianity itself owed a good deal to rulers of barbarous tribes, who had not any delicate scruples as to the amount of pressure which their subjects would bear. Nations were converted with a facility which has not since been exhibited, when they had the alternative of extirpation plainly put before them. And, if it had been possible to carry out a thorough-going persecution against Christians before they had got the physical force upon their side, it may be at least doubted whether their triumph would not have been indefinitely postponed. These and other familiar examples may be quoted to prove that persecution is neither a harmless nor an ineffectual weapon; and that those who decline its use must, therefore, be assumed to entertain at least some doubt as to the certainty or the importance of their doctrines. If we were quite sure that homeopathy was simply a system of poisoning under pretence of curing, we should be strongly tempted to punish its practitioners with more or less severity; and, if it were a matter of essential importance to secure right views about poetry, we might imprison any one who asserted that Mr. Tupper was a greater writer than Milton. As neither of these assumptions are justifiable, we are content to let things take their natural chance.

So far, then, it would seem that persecution is a necessary corollary from a claim to infallibility in matters of the highest importance. But it is possible to suggest another argument, which, by making a certain concession, evades the disagreeable consequence. If, indeed, a man asserted that he was in possession of the whole truth, and of nothing but the truth, and



that every one who differed from him held nothing but error, it would be hard to resist the conclusion. But no rational being can be charged with such an outrageous doctrine. If a doctrine becomes popular, even though it be entirely erroneous, it is a proof that there is something wanting in the established order of things. The intending reformer may have put his finger entirely upon the wrong place; he may, for example, have proposed a change of faith, when a change of practice was really required; but his appearance is in itself an indication that something is working wrong. Thus, in the case of homeopathy, the system of pseudo-scientific theories which it introduced may have been totally absurd; but it flourished because it incidentally encountered some great evils in medical practice. If a man admits so much of a heresy, it will follow that he cannot be certain of the working of a persecution. He may be trampling out the wheat with the tares. It may be necessary to give a hearing to the complaint rather than to arbitrarily suppress it, though it is aimed in an erroneous direction. Moreover, even if a persecution succeeds nominally, it does not necessarily leave the faith where it found it. The same form of words may be retained, but the belief may have drifted away from them. It is impossible to stereotype opinion by merely fixing the form of its expression. A word is sometimes intruded into a creed by a metaphysical school which loses all sense when the school has expired, as metaphysical schools are somewhat apt to expire. Or, to take an instance which we very often see exemplified, a savage does not at once become a Christian by being drilled in the orthodox catechism. He accepts a new mythology, but he does not at once perceive the difference between the new and the old objects of his worship. To receive the genuine creed of the civilized man, it is necessary for him to understand some of the ideas on other points with which it is inextricably interwoven. He requires a new education as well as a mere statement of new facts. Missionaries are naturally inclined to think that they have done everything when they have made their convert accept a new phraseology, and they are astonished some morning by seeing an interesting New Zealander shake off his Christianity as easily as he abandons his European dress. But there is nothing really surprising in a phenomenon which is often illustrated on a smaller scale here. An educated Englishman uses the same phrases as a child or an agricultural labourer; but he attaches a very different meaning to them. Thus the persecutor may very well be afraid that he has only checked the superficial phenomena; but he can hardly strike deep enough to change the hidden currents of opinion. People will continue to use the old phrases, but they will interpret them in a more rationalising spirit. If a man has sufficient liberality to believe that even a totally erroneous opinion indicates some want which has not learnt to express itself articulately, he may very fairly be afraid of the rougher methods of surgery. It is true that a thoroughly vigorous persecution may arrest even the most deeply-seated workings of thought. It is possible to check the development of a nation altogether, or at least to throw it back, like the Spaniards, some two or three centuries behind the rest of mankind. And if a man should be thoroughly convinced that his own opinions contained nothing but unadulterated truth, and the opposite opinions nothing but unadulterated error, and can therefore produce nothing but evil, he should not shrink even from such a responsibility as this. We may, however, admit that a man who shrinks from this extreme view may be acquitted of the charge of inconsistency, even if he does not persecute error. He may possibly think it better to bring the evil to the surface by a poultice of toleration than to extirpate it radically.

We are not, therefore, anxious to endeavour to force even an obstinate bigot upon one of the horns of our dilemma. He may possibly be sincere in his belief, even without testifying to it by a readiness for persecution. But we must add that, in this case, he must also give up the doctrine of the extreme guilt of heresy; for, on his own showing, it may be an excusable error. In proportion as he loads it with tremendous penalties, it becomes difficult to justify himself for not using the means which experience shows to be most effectual for its suppression. And, after all, the only radical corrective for the spirit of persecution is the conviction that people may innocently differ very widely on very important subjects; as, in fact, the growth of that conviction has been the really efficient cause of persecution going out of fashion. The other logical devices for evading the responsibility are not so much true reasons, as judicious afterthoughts for accommodating practice to the overwhelming pressure of circumstances.

#### SUICIDE.

THE late suicide of a Frenchman and his mother at Paddington is one of the strangest cases of crime that have lately occurred. Many, perhaps most, people have fancied, when they were suffering from indigestion, that a case might possibly occur in which suicide would appear to be a tolerable step. As a rule, the thought of applying a razor or a rope to one's own throat calls up so many disagreeable associations that one shrinks from it even in imagination. But there are moments when all the objects of life take such a bilious colouring that the unpleasantness of suicide, contemplated as a remote contingency, almost vanishes for the moment. A man who is very sea-sick, or in whom a very maudlin state of mind has been generated by any similar cause, is able to fancy that he would like to put an end to himself in some comfortable way, so long as he does not look the proposal very dis-

tinctly in the face; but a closer view dissipates the impression, unless the mind or body is in a thoroughly morbid condition. It is hardly possible, however, for any Englishman, even at his lowest points of depression, to contemplate a sociable suicide. The pan of burning charcoal occasionally adopted by our neighbours scarcely ever commends itself to his imagination. And even if, in some abnormal flight of fancy, an Englishman can see himself proposing to the unfortunate object of his affections to indulge in a joint termination of their sufferings, it would be altogether beyond his range to make the same proposal to his mother. The suicide of poor M. de Caluwe rises as much above the ordinary French suicide as that rises above any English imagination. The charitable hypothesis of insanity seems to be only in part applicable in this case. It is scarcely probable that both of the unfortunate victims should have been mad, although certain hints at an illusion about spies and persecutors, which were brought out upon the inquest, seem to imply the existence of some mental disease in the son. We must set the case down as one of those strange aberrations from all ordinary rules which are almost too painful to be dwelt upon. It is the most exaggerated instance we remember to have seen of a class of crime which, even in more ordinary developments, is unintelligible to us. Hanging oneself is a disagreeable way of meeting death; to hang oneself in company with another person would be generally inconceivable; but when that other person is one's mother, it passes all the bounds of human comprehension.

Far as this crime diverges from all ordinary rules in any country, it still illustrates certain national peculiarities. Given, that is, that such an act had been committed, we should certainly have been prepared for the nationality of its perpetrators. For there is nothing in which shades of character are more brought out than in the mode which a man chooses for leaving the world. Women commit suicide in quite a different fashion from men. They have an instinctive objection to cutting instruments, and prefer the apparently milder ways of self-destruction. And a difference similar to that shown by the different sexes would appear to exist in the selection of modes of death characteristic of different ages and races. The French tendency, exhibited in their style of suicide, is one for which we have, of course, various bad names. It is the love of empty glory, the disposition to use one's last moments in gratifying a little posthumous vanity, or the desire of acting a dramatic part even when the audience can only exist in your imagination. A pair of lovers who commit suicide together are doing a poetical action, which will supply the journals with a bit of what is called romance in real life. We pride ourselves on being superior to such considerations, and we commit suicide—as, according to the hacknied quotation, we take our pleasures—sadly. The true type of an English suicide was the gentleman commemorated in Boswell—and, in a more poetical version of the anecdote, by Sam Weller—who partook of a solitary and excessive feast of crumpets, and then blew his brains out. This was a dogged matter-of-fact way of proceeding, which certainly excludes all ideas of romance. The hero of the story evidently committed suicide to please himself, and with a perfect indifference to what any one else would think of him; he was above, or below, anything savouring of claptrap. His actions, interpreted into language, said that his only interest in life was in eating crumpets, which is a distinctly unsocial, and even cynical, view to take of the matter. It would be only fair to give credit to our neighbours for their greater sensitiveness to the opinion of society. Even in their last moments, they have an eye to tragic effect, which would make the bathos of crumpet-eating impossible; they give proof of more amiability, if less vigour, of character. A man, on the other hand, certainly shows a keener sense of humour who refuses to arrange the last scene of his life with a view to other people's amusement; and, in fact, a good many Englishmen probably feel for suicide the same objection which exists to duelling—that, unless in very extreme cases, it is ridiculous as well as wicked. It is apt to be a paradoxical proceeding at best. We feel the incongruity of seeking, in such an action, for any gratification to our vanity. Our neighbours are more disposed to pardon a vein of sentiment to which they are comparatively lenient in other cases. The wretched mother who killed herself the other day left a mysterious letter denouncing the supposed injurer of her son, and stating that “her shadow would follow him everywhere.” This is a well-known conventional motive in tragedy, and it is even carried out in practice in certain Eastern countries, where a man starves himself upon his enemy's doorstep by way of taking vengeance upon him. But in Europe the practice strikes us as deficient in common sense; it would be excusable in nothing above a melodrama.

The difference between suicides characterized by a cynical disregard for other people's opinion and by a morbid desire for notoriety is, however, rather a difference of pretext than of motive. One man wraps his cloak around him to fall decently, and another, so long as he is to fall, does not care whether he falls decently or otherwise. But in both cases the predisposing causes are pretty much the same. One man likes to write Byronic poetry, and another to send for a dish of crumpets; but, as a rule, the Byronic gentleman has as substantial a cause as his rival. It is very rare for a Werther to take his own doctrines seriously. There is no danger of suicide becoming permanently fashionable, even though people about to commit suicide may fancy their crime sounds better in the old conventional language. Poor M. de Caluwe had a very substantial reason for taking his life, if any reason for such an act can be substantial. He had been, apparently, accustomed to comfortable circumstances,

and was gradually reduced, with his mother, to the verge of starvation, in wretched lodgings in Paddington. It is one of those miserable stories which come up at times to convince us that the stories of foreigners in distress are not all intended to impose upon benevolent persons. And, when well-founded, they are sufficiently terrible to account for suicides without the help of insanity. If it were not for the simultaneous death of the mother, which throws a peculiar horror upon the story, we might be almost tempted to say, from a merely matter-of-fact point of view, that it was the best thing he could do. The combined suicide would seem impossible in any one not actually mad, without the help of a good many doses of extravagant and morbid sentiment; but, apart from religious considerations, it seems at first sight rather hard to say why a man in M. de Caluwe's situation should not kill himself, though natural feeling should prevent his consenting to his mother's death. We are every now and then startled by stories of death by starvation in the streets; they are very sad and disgraceful, but, as far as the sufferers themselves are concerned, one feels a certain approval of their preference of starvation to the workhouse. The pride that will not accept charity may be wicked, but it is to be wished that it was more common than its opposite. On the same principle, if a man is in really hopeless circumstances, why should he not save himself the misery of absolute starvation? Are we not driving a sound principle rather too far, and becoming rather superstitious about the sanctity of human life? There are cases in which our adherence to this principle certainly increases the quantity of misery in the world. Benevolent people are too soft-hearted to have a murderer executed; they would rather inflict the torture of perpetual imprisonment, though it has the double disadvantage of giving much more pain to the criminal after his conviction, and of acting with less deterrent effect upon his imagination previously. At least, it seems hard to think that any intelligent being would not suffer more from being permanently enclosed in a condemned cell than from being hung once for all. Many similar cases arise in practice, in which a man is kept alive to suffer from some torturing disease, because it is a point of honour with the doctors not to let him die. It would seem more merciful, when there is no reasonable hope of anything but continued sensibility to pain, to allow life to cease. When Napoleon was forced to leave behind him some soldiers dying of the plague, and proposed to give them an extra dose of opium, it would doubtless have been a really benevolent action. It would be very easy for a casuist to put cases in which suicide would be defensible on similar grounds; and it might be contended that the old stoical sentiment, that a man has a right to leave the world when he chooses, is more manly and reasonable than our modern practice.

The objection, however, to suicide, on grounds of mere utility, seems to be sufficiently obvious. The value attached to human life is a pretty accurate measure of civilization, and the respect which we feel for other men's lives determines in the long run the respect which we feel for our own. People who get into a habit of cutting throats cut their own at last from the acquired habit of recklessness. A Chinaman is ready to sell his own head for a consideration, because he thinks nothing of putting any number of his countrymen to death on the slightest provocation. An inhabitant of the Celestial Empire is pretty well trained, by Tae Pings and such gentry, to look upon his life as property too precarious to be worth caring for. The hill tribes in India who practised human sacrifices succeeded in teaching their victims rather to look forward to the occasion than otherwise. The knowledge that every one else considers a man as in the light of a victim fattening for slaughter gradually leads the victim to think of himself in the same way. In this, as in all other cases, a man insensibly adopts the point of view which everybody round him occupies. Hence we may look upon the prevalence of suicide in any country simply as indicating the general indifference to life; and the higher the repugnance to it rises, the greater will be the general aversion to mutual slaughter, which, as need hardly be said, is an important part of civilized morals. The stoical view of the matter shows a want of sensibility rather than an excess of courage. It has been always remarked that Asiatics are readier to die than Europeans, almost in proportion to their deficiency in self-reliance and courage. A Red Indian has a great reputation for bravery, because he submits patiently to torture and death; but, in any such test as fighting on equal terms, he seems to be as great a coward as most savages. The fact is that there is nothing more desirable to encourage than an intense dislike either to dying yourself or to causing the death of any one else. Such a dislike is generally combined with courage, because it is favoured by a healthy development of all the mental and bodily faculties. Of course, like all other positive moral rules, the prohibition of suicide will often cause more pain than pleasure in particular cases; but a gradually increased and strengthened abhorrence of the crime must be looked upon as advantageous to mankind, for it cannot be said that we are yet arrived at that degree of meekness when a little dash of ferocity would be desirable.

## SIMON OF MONTFORT.

LOVERS of historical coincidences may regret that the Parliament which is now assembling, and which seems likely to have committed to it the duty of making some change, whatever that change may be, in its own constitution, was not summoned to

meet a year earlier. Had the new Parliament met in 1865 instead of 1866, it would have exactly marked the six-hundredth year from that famous assembly when Parliaments first assumed the form which has since been changed only in detail. Yet the event of 1266 suggests an analogy almost as instructive and auspicious as the event of 1265. The one year beheld the greatest of all reforms of Parliament; the second beheld one of the most remarkable exercises of Parliamentary wisdom on the part of an unreformed Parliament. In each event too we beheld the guiding hand of a wise and righteous leader—the hands, in truth, of the two men to whom England owes more than to almost any other that can be named before or after them. In 1265 she was under the guidance of the noblest of her adopted sons; in 1266 she was under the guidance of the noblest of her own children. To the naturalized patriot we owe the establishment of freedom; to the native Englishman we owe that freedom was not again swallowed up by a triumphant faction. The moderation in the hour of victory which dictated the Ban of Kenilworth is worthy of hardly less admiration than the far-sighted patriotism which dictated the venerable writs of Worcester. The authors of the two fought under opposite banners, but the work of both was in truth the same. The restorers of English liberty played a part like that of the restorers of liberty in the last days of Sparta. Agis died a martyr, and Cleomenes arose from the house of his murderer to carry on his work. So the martyr of Evesham handed on the torch to his own destroyer, and the great Edward became in truth the political heir of Simon the Righteous.

It is not unlikely that professors of a certain extreme school of historical philosophy may be tempted to deride a view of history which attributes so much to the agency of individual men. Everything, we are told, is governed by certain laws; the greatest men are but instruments, almost machines; events are determined, not by their will, but by the circumstances under which they find themselves. We have seen it argued before now that Simon of Montfort personally did little or nothing, that the change which he wrought was an inevitable one, written already in the destinies of the age, and which must have taken place sooner or later. He himself had probably little notion of the importance of the change which he wrought, and most likely only sought thereby to compass some immediate end of his own. Now so far as this sort of talk is anything beyond mere depreciation of a great man, it is simply the old theological puzzle of Predestination and Free Will thrown into the language of historical philosophy. A plain man, inveigled into that labyrinth, may be content to say that he does not know how the human will is free, but that he knows by experience that it is free. He may even be glad of the Homeric explanation that the decrees of Fate cannot be delayed, but that they may be hastened. Hector could not preserve Troy beyond the appointed time, but it was quite possible that Achilles might have taken it before the appointed time. It is of course probable that, if Simon of Montfort had not brought the English Parliament into its complete shape, King Edward or some one else would have done so before long. But this in no way derogates from the honour which belongs to Simon of Montfort for actually doing it. Nor is it at all necessary to believe that the institution of the House of Commons or of the peculiar class of Borough Members was an original invention of his own brain. Though the institution had not yet taken its perfect shape, there are many things to suggest that perfect shape to any thoughtful man. Sir Francis Palgrave has collected a vast number of instances of various English customs and institutions which were not Parliamentary representation, but which were hints of it, germs of it, elements which it only needed the grasp of a master-hand to work into Parliamentary representation. Or, again, it has been suggested by a late appreciating biographer of Simon in the *Quarterly Review*, that he may have derived hints from the constitution of Aragon—a constitution with which the circumstances of his life could hardly fail to make him acquainted. He may very likely have drawn ideas from both sources. But in neither way is the greatness of his work at all disparaged. He saw what was the needful thing, and he did it. No doubt he knew that in strengthening the boroughs he was strengthening himself. But how came it that his interests and those of the boroughs were the same? Because he had been far-sighted enough and courageous enough to throw in his lot throughout life with the element of progress and of freedom throughout Europe. For Simon's identification with the cause of the boroughs was nothing new. In his Gascon government, sent as he was on the invidious errand of winning back a rebellious province, he contrived to attach to himself at least one portion of its inhabitants. He won the hearts of the citizens of Bordeaux, just as he afterwards won the hearts of the citizens of London. At his famous trial, so graphically recorded by Adam Marsh, when the Archbishop and the nobles charged him with tyranny, a document giving him quite another character was handed in under the civic seal of the metropolis of Aquitaine. At that early stage of his career he was essentially the same man as he showed himself in later times on a wider field.

The change introduced by Simon was the greatest of all Parliamentary Reforms. Every later change has been merely a change of detail; he first established the great principle that the Great Council of the Nation should be a real representation of the nation. He took the social state of the country as he found it; he did not abolish the villanage in which the great mass of the peasantry were still held. But his measures tended indirectly towards the benefit of the villain class also. Each of the boroughs which he



strengthened and fostered was a city of refuge for the oppressed Helot. He drew out no elaborate political schemes; tried by the standard of Mr. Hare or Mr. Mill, his institution was a rude and imperfect one. He had no idea of apportioning members to population. He wished every county and every borough to be represented, and he knew no more scientific means of bringing it about than by summoning two knights for each county and two burgesses for each borough. Two were probably summoned, that each might be a check on the other, and that the real expression of the wishes of the constituency might therefore be secured. And we are left utterly in the dark as to Simon's views as to the elective franchise. Each borough was to send two burgesses, but how and by whom those burgesses were to be chosen was not prescribed. Antiquaries have long disputed about the matter. We know the fact that, up to the Reform Bill, our boroughs had all kinds of constitutions, from nearly pure democracy up to very narrow oligarchies. But whether the oligarchies were later usurpations at the cost of an earlier democracy, or whether the democracies had wrested their rights from an earlier oligarchy, are points on which men learned in such matters are still divided. Probably Simon did not meddle in any such matters, but left his burgesses to be chosen as the internal state of each borough dictated. And in the condition of the nation at that moment, the mode of election was possibly of very little importance. And perhaps it is as well that we are left in the dark on the point, as it hinders the great father of Parliamentary representation in general being quoted nowadays in favour of any particular theory as to the minor details of his great work.

It has often been remarked that this great change is not recorded by any contemporary chronicler. No event in history is better authenticated; the writs are alive to this day to witness it; but it is only from the writs that we learn the fact. The constitution of Parliament was then, and long after, so undefined, that the change might well pass in a manner unnoticed. We now know perfectly well what temporal and what spiritual peers must be summoned, and what boroughs must be called on to send members. But long after Simon's time, though there were always some temporal and some spiritual peers summoned, they were not always the same; many an abbot was summoned to this parliament and not to the next; many a borough sent members one year, and was, it might be, excused, it might be, passed by, the next year. In such a state of things the great change may well not have struck superficial observers so much as a far slighter change would do now. Very important changes, where they do not need any formal legislative enactment, are still made without attracting much contemporary notice. The Cabinet was a power in the State long before constitutional writers chose to know anything about it. And in much more recent times a most important constitutional change has been introduced by the sovereign ceasing to attend the meetings of the Cabinet. But we greatly doubt whether any history of England contains, or whether any popular history ever will contain, the date of this change. Yet it must not be thought that Simon's great reform was something accidental or done without thought. It stands out distinctly alluded to in the long Latin poem which forms the political programme of him and his party:—

Unde, si Rex sapiat minus quam deberet  
Quid regno conveniat regendo? Num quaeret  
Suo sensu proprio quibus fulciatur,  
Quibus diminutio sua suppleatur?  
Si solus elegerit, facile fallatur,  
Utilis qui fuerit a quo nesciatur.  
Igitor communis regni consilium,  
Et quid universitas sentiat, sciatur.  
Cui leges proprie maxime sunt notae,  
Nec cunctis provincie sic sunt idiotae,  
Quin sciant plus ceteris regni sui mores,  
Quos relinquunt posteris hi qui sunt priores.  
Qui reguntur legibus magis ipsas sciunt;  
Quorum sunt in usus plus periti sunt;  
Et quia res agitur sua, plus curant,  
Et quo pax adquiritur sibi procurant.

The principles of popular government could hardly be more clearly or boldly expressed. But it should be remarked that new legislation is a thing scarcely hinted at. It is the business of Parliament to declare the old laws and to see that they are rightly administered. It is its business also to provide the King with competent advisers. In Simon's time so to do involved putting the King in bondage, or at least in pupillage. We have found out the means of compassing the same end in a more delicate way.

In the whole career of Simon two things especially strike us—the thorough way in which a foreigner identified himself with his adopted country, and the strong religious element which prevails through his whole life. Simon, the leader of the national party against foreigners, was himself a foreigner by birth. Undoubtedly his position, as being, after the cession of his elder brother, the legal heir to an English earldom, was something widely different from that of the outlandish adventurers who simply came to get what they could. Still he was born out of the realm, and even out of the King's obedience, and his only connection with England by blood was that his father's mother was an Englishwoman. But from the moment he was invested with his English honours, Simon became as true an Englishman as if he could have traced his pedigree up to Hengest or Cerdic. In his faith to his adopted country he never faltered for a moment. At first some seemed inclined to confound him with the King's foreign favourites, but they soon found out the difference, and at Lewes and Evesham men had most likely quite forgotten that the national leader, the “protector

gentis Angliæ,” was by birth a Frenchman. Little indeed did men think of his foreign origin when they sang:—

Comes Simon de Muntford, vir potens et fortis,  
Pugna nunc pro patria, sisque dux cohortis,  
Non te minas terreant neque timor mortis,  
Rem defende publicam resque tue sortis.

But in the thorough adoption by his new countrymen Simon does not stand alone. England seems to have had a wonderful power of assimilating settlers and even conquerors of other races. Cnut began as an invader and ravager; he died in the enjoyment of a popular love second only to that of Alfred. Anselm, once on the throne of Canterbury, was as thoroughly an English Bishop as Ælfheah or Stigand. In Simon himself we seem to see another Godwine rising to rid the land of the stranger. Indeed the speed with which the whole mass of the Norman settlers adopted the feelings and spirit of Englishmen is only a more general application of the same law.

The wars of the thirteenth century read in many things like a counterpart of those of the seventeenth, and we may see in Simon a forerunner of the chiefs each of whom stood before his troop,

With his Bible and his sword,  
Like a servant of the Lord.

But the religion of Simon was doubtless not more sincere, but certainly more rational, than that of a seventeenth-century Puritan. It was a religion which made the monks and the common people look on him as a saint, which made them canonise him in defiance of Papal excommunication, which made them worship him as their patron and believe in miracles wrought by his relics. But it was also a religion which commended him to the deepest regard of the best and wisest and most learned men of his age. He and his Countess were the intimate personal friends of Robert Grosseteste and Adam Marsh, and the depth and truth of the relation between them is shown in the words of consolation, of exhortation, of occasional rebuke, with which the spiritual fathers follow out almost every act of the lives of their noble disciples. Perhaps the way in which both Simon and Eleanor endured to be told of their faults is really the most speaking testimony to their virtues. King Henry too was pious after a sort, but Simon's was certainly a faith which showed itself far more clearly in his works.

Simon died for his adopted country and her freedom, and for a moment her freedom seemed to have died with him. But, as we have seen, his very destroyer became his noblest pupil. Edward, a son and a prince, could hardly have acted otherwise than as he did; but it was to him, to that spirit of equity and moderation which he displayed through life, that England owed that the triumph of the royal party was accompanied, when the first flush of victory was over, by absolutely no bloodshed, and by a wonderfully small amount of banishment or confiscation. Edward acted here in his habitual character—a character which may seem strange to those who know him only through the fables of Scotch romancers.

Totus Christo traditur rex noster Edwardus;  
Veloce est ad veniam, ad vindictam tardus.

He not only moderated the fury of the successful party, but he gradually carried out all Simon's objects in his own legislation. For a while the representation of the boroughs ceased or became irregular; but the great lawgiver soon adopted the great invention of his fallen uncle, and, long before his death, the constitution of Parliament, as devised by the patriotic Earl, was established for ever by the no less patriotic King. It requires some effort to realize how, of two men who in life were so opposed, one could be the political successor of the other; but so it was. Edward's opposition to Simon at the end of his career was the natural result of his position, and it should not be forgotten that Edward himself had, at an earlier stage, gone considerable lengths with the national party. The words of Simon himself, as he saw the host of Edward approaching, had a deeper meaning than the hero himself knew of. In their good order and gallant bearing the old soldier saw the fruit of his own military lessons; the statesman could not know that, in the bosom of the youth who came to overthrow him, there beat a heart kindred with his own, a mind which had learned from him those principles of wise and righteous policy which have enabled the one spirit of the martyr and his conqueror to hand on their joint work as the everlasting possession of the land which they so dearly loved.

#### AN AMATEUR THEOLOGIAN.

THE wisdom of the old adage, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, is continually receiving fresh illustrations. The strange impulse to forsake one's proper line, and attempt something new, foreign, and fascinating, to lay aside the honoured character in which one has won both fame and name, and surprise the world by a stagey endeavour to enact another, has always afforded rare sport to cynics and satirists, and is indeed one of the most pitiful weaknesses to which human nature is liable. The vanity which prompts it is so unsuspecting, the craving for a new delight in the way of applause is so earnest and pathetic, that it is difficult very often not to be guilty of a little amiable hypocrisy, not to simulate delight and admiration when the spirit is sinking within one from weariness or disgust. In strictly private life it is not unusual to encounter little troubles of this sort, but in that case the ties of friendship help one over the difficulty. When your stout friend who rides seventeen stone insists, in private theatricals, on playing Romeo to a pretty piquante little Juliet who quizzes him all the time, you applaud

with suspicious vehemence, simply in order to conceal your smiles. When the man you have known as a steady lawyer for years sends you a volume containing the "Seraph in the Summer House, and other poems," you cut the book, and keep it on the table, and, avoiding mendacity as much as possible, declare it is marvellously true to life, or else intensely suggestive. So many things are suggestive—of something; it may not always be polite to say of what. With public celebrities who are seized, when well on in life, with a sudden desire to dazzle the world in a new character, the case is somewhat different. The excuse is less, and the presumption is greater. It implies either consummate genius or consummate assurance, and a worthy man would find it embarrassing to plead guilty to either. Some little time back, a person was arraigned upon a felonious charge who described himself as a dentist and a corn-cutter. It argued certainly a vigorous and catholic turn of mind thus to undertake the management of the two extremes of human nature. But width is often purchased at the expense of depth, and, *prima facie*, it was probable that the man who cut the corns, as well as stopped the teeth, of his patients did neither with a full and perfect mastery of the respective arts. And this presumption will hold good with regard to callings more exalted than corn-cutting, in spite of an occasional admirable Crichton here and there. Amateurship is very well in private life, if only from the fact that it offers a more or less educated class for real proficient to appeal to; but, when paraded before the general public, it cannot be too strongly reprobated. It is a mere exhibition of vanity, which does and can lead to nothing.

It is not, therefore, without considerable regret that we perceive Mr. Anthony Trollope has been tempted to appear in the character of an amateur theologian, in a late number of the *Fortnightly Review*. As a novelist, Mr. Trollope has made for himself a place in English literature from which there is little danger that he will be dislodged. And will not that suffice him? Are not his novels, especially considering the speed with which they succeed each other, enough to fill his time? Is not a curiously accurate and all but photographic portraiture of middle-class English life enough to occupy his very fluent pen? Favoured by practice and original endowment, he can write novels as easily as a hen lays eggs. But what could lead us to suppose from this that he would write anything worth the attention of thinking men on theology—above all, on such theology as is implied in a discussion of the Sabbatarian controversy? Can he say anything new upon it? That would be unlikely indeed. For two hundred years, at least, the subject has been as threadbare as is consistent with textile existence. Does he treat it from a novel and profoundly social point of view, advancing the whole topic into another stage of discussion, and suggesting the outlines of its probable future? Not in the least. We regret to say that Mr. Trollope writes on the subject—as it was indeed probable he would write on such a subject—with a most frank, but certainly not engaging, ignorance of it; that he advances in full panoply to attack a stronghold which all but the aged and infirm have long ago abandoned; that he slays the slain with almost ludicrous energy, and leaves his readers in utter astonishment as to what can have been the meaning or object of any part of the performance.

It appears that Mr. Trollope's notice has been attracted to the speech recently delivered by Dr. Macleod at Glasgow, in which that excellent divine ventured to attack some of the prevailing infatuations of his countrymen concerning the Fourth Commandment. Advancing nothing which even flattery could call new, Dr. Macleod said a great deal that was true, and that with a temper and judgment worthy of all praise. Admitting that the most cursory acquaintance with ecclesiastical or even with English history would suggest to any candid mind the opinions he expressed, the marvel is still great that a candid mind should appear in such a quarter. As a rule, it is easier to get even the proverbial joke into the average Scotchman's head than common sense on what he calls the "Sawbbath dayee." But Dr. Macleod, like another Peter, stood forth boldly and spake among them, and rehearsed the whole matter, and astonished and disgusted them not a little. Then Mr. Anthony Trollope came by, and also was astonished—but with delight, not with disgust. He evidently had never heard such words of wisdom and power before. "Great is Dr. Macleod of Glasgow," he exclaimed, and smote his breast. At length his feelings could be repressed no longer, and they have found vent in ten pages of the *Fortnightly Review*.

Now, with the opinions expressed in those pages we have scarcely any fault to find. They are the opinions of almost all educated men. Those of us who have travelled a little on the Continent, and observed the behaviour of foreign Christians—not of benighted Papists only, but of good sound Protestants, whether Lutheran or Calvinistic—have generally arrived at pretty decided views respecting the Sabbatarian nonsense preached in England. Those among us who have read a little of Church history are also quite settled in their opinions on the compound of ignorance and conceit which is required in the preachers of the said nonsense. Those of us who believe in the slow but ultimate progress of humanity are convinced that this Sabbatarianism, like other social distempers, will in time be outgrown and disappear, together with wife-beating, petty larceny, the prize-ring, and an inordinate taste for scandal. They are convinced that great masses of men are not to be raised into exalted thought and action by any sudden stroke; and that all will come in good time, if each man does his best in developing his own peculiar talent, whatever it may be.

Now, this is just what any reader of Mr. Trollope's article would at once feel—as far as that article goes—that he has not done. Forsaking a walk of literature in which he has become a master, he has entered another in which he has yet to become a learner. The whole production is pervaded by that unconscious display of ignorance which is best shown by a delight in the possession of the most commonplace knowledge. Mr. Trollope himself can hardly suppose that his remarks will have much weight with scholars and thinkers; and his knowledge of human nature must be too great to allow him to imagine that the worshippers at Ebenezers or Bethels will be converted by what they will consider his frightful profanity. Besides, a magazine which is generally supposed to be addressed to a highly educated class of readers would be hardly the proper means of reaching the Sabbatarian fanatics, even if that were his object.

What can be his object, for instance, in "looking at the wording of the Fourth Commandment, and at the precepts which have been founded upon it by the great body of English and Scotch clergymen and ministers to whom Protestants of all denominations in these islands have been regarded as being subject. The words we all know"—yet here the Commandment is quoted—"and we know as well the precepts drawn from these Commandments, though they have never been written in words plain as the Commandment itself." As these precepts follow immediately on the above quotation, we suppose that this is the first edition of them, which is surprising when we consider for how long, according to Mr. Trollope, they have tyrannized over the world. But when did Mr. Trollope learn that "the great body of English clergymen" are Sabbatarians? From the time of the Stuarts to the present day, one of the chief lines of demarcation between the Establishment and Dissent has been drawn by their dispute concerning the observance of the Lord's Day. The Church of England, as a Church, has always been anti-Sabbatarian. The Puritans exalted a Jewish observance of Sunday chiefly because the prelates did not. It was a party badge of theirs, just as short hair and limp linen were badges, hated and repudiated by one side because they were prevalent with the other. The great Churchmen of the seventeenth century called the Puritan view a "heresy," and denounced it as such. And their modern representatives hold the same opinions. We have heard of a bishop who has no objection to a game of football on a Sunday afternoon, and yet Mr. Trollope speaks of "English and Scotch" clergymen "to whom Protestants in those islands are regarded as being subject"—which is also a strange way of alluding to our "religious liberty"—as one uniform troop of Sabbatarians. Again, when Mr. Trollope says, "there is no word in that Commandment to warrant such precepts" as church-going, reading religious books, &c., what readers can he have in view? Could any one but an idiot maintain that such precepts were in that Commandment? Did any one ever maintain such a proposition? He longs for a man "who will really look at the words." There are many other words in the Bible which, if Mr. Trollope will really compare them with the dogmas which in the course of ages have been founded on them, will afford him endless matter for surprise. Does not Mr. Trollope know that a certain class of theologians of the present day are getting into most serious difficulties for this very thing—a disposition "to look at the words" rather too closely, and to ask disagreeable and embarrassing questions immediately afterwards? Looking at the words is a dangerous occupation, which may quite ruin a man's reputation if he does not take care.

Mr. Trollope has a great deal more to say on the mode in which the Jews observed the Sabbath. "No bed might be made; no food might be cooked." Most true, but not new, information; in fact, in this Christian country it is likely to prove superfluous to all who have been educated, even at the national expense. The amiable and accomplished, but decidedly immoral Lafontaine, when well stricken in years, once came across a copy of the New Testament. It was the first that had fallen in his way. Curiosity tempted him to read a little of it. He was charmed, and so charmed that, lazy as he was, he went off to tell a friendly priest of his acquaintance what a treasure he had found. "I do assure you," he said, "it is a most excellent book." It is clear that the English novelist and the French fabulist have at least one trait in common.

Mr. Trollope's notions of prayer, too, will, it is probable, be thought peculiar. "Is there any work harder than prayer to the man who really prays?" Well, now, that all depends; some people wrestle in the spirit. We think that it was Bunyan who said of himself, that it was his habit to break out into a sweat on these occasions. He certainly felt a great pain in his chest all down the central bone, which made him fear he would burst, like Judas Iscariot. Doubtless, to Bunyan, prayer was hard work. But this is an exceptional instance, which Mr. Trollope can hardly have had in view. And really we do not think that the play of strong emotion is usually accompanied by a sense of labour. The feigning of an emotion, or the stimulating of one which refuses to be aroused, is fatiguing indeed. But our argument is concerned with the "man who really prays," not with the pretender. Take the analogous case of love-making, on which Mr. Trollope ought to be an authority—no one has made love more, or better. Is that laborious to the man who really loves, or not rather to the man who only pretends to love? Further on, Mr. Trollope drops a remark which would imply that Tritheism and Trinitarianism are one and the same dogma, which is also somewhat startling. "He," that is the



young catechumen, "will observe that a one God is spoken of, the one God whom the Jews knew, in a manner which he feels to be subversive of the teaching which he is receiving in regard to the Trinity." How is this? Do Christians, then, believe in three Gods? If a belief in one God is incompatible with the doctrine of the Trinity, and if, as is certain, the majority of Christians do believe the latter doctrine, then the conclusion is obvious that Christians do not believe in one God—a result which will surprise a good many of them. When he rejects "the one God" of the Jews, Mr. Trollope does not tell us exactly by what number of deities he would replace him. But as he evidently wishes to pass for the every-day popular Christian, and holds the notion that any one who believes in the Trinity cannot believe in one God also, we think it only a legitimate inference that he considers that orthodoxy requires us to believe in three Gods. We would humbly suggest that, before his next article on these abstruse topics, he should procure and peruse a copy of the Athanasian Creed.

#### CHARING CROSS AND THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

IT is not often that we can get at the exact circumstances under which celebrated and classical passages have been composed. Among the most familiar and stock quotations is Wordsworth's famous sonnet "composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3rd, 1803." From Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal we learn that "they left London between five and six o'clock in the morning, outside the Dover coach. A beautiful morning. The City; St. Paul's, with the river; a multitude of little boats—made a beautiful sight as we crossed Westminster Bridge," &c. The elaborate glorification of London—

Earth has not anything to show more fair—

was written then and there, under the present and visible inspiration of the scene; and in this sonnet the most memorable line is—

The river glideth at his own sweet will.

We do not say that this line ought to have been present to the minds of Knight Thwaites and his companions when they planned the Thames Embankment, because this would be to assume that the Metropolitan Board of Works have heard of Wordsworth and his poems; but they are going, for all practical purposes, to blot out the suggestions conveyed by the poet. It may be impossible to quay a river without forbidding it to glide at its own will, sweet or otherwise. But it is proposed to do more and worse than this. The improvements designed to connect Charing Cross with the Embankment will destroy that connection between the natural course of the river and the sweep of the land which it is so desirable to maintain. Mr. Butterfield, an architect whose high position entitles his remarks to respect, has pointed out one objection to the proposed scheme which we think deserves to be considered.

It is somewhat difficult, though the subject is an interesting one, to conceive the landscape presented by prehistoric London, or rather the landscape before London was. Eastward it is tolerably intelligible. The brook Fleet must have flowed through precipitous banks from King's Cross—we are sorry that the old local name of Battle Bridge is lost—to Holborn Bridge. The contour of the abrupt acclivity of the Western City, both towards the Fleet and the Thames, is still preserved in the steep ascents from Farringdon Street on one side and Doctors' Commons on the other. But west of the outflow of the Fleet into the Thames there is some difficulty in understanding the landscape. That the Strand is on high ground is plain; but it must have undulated, and the last—and, as it seems, the steepest—pitch of the land seems to have been about the Adelphi, until a gradual fall, necessitating old embankments at least as far east as Whitehall Place, terminated in the swamps and marshes of Thorney Island. So far as we can judge, as long as the river flowed south and north—i.e. from Millbank—it ran through low land, and the turn, nearly that of a right angle from west to east, at Hungerford Bridge was necessitated by the rising banks of the Strand, which seems an unfortunate name if, as is now the case, it is usually taken to suggest a low foreshore. The new Embankment fairly enough follows the course of the river, but in its construction—partly to increase the volume of the stream, and partly for commercial purposes—it has been deemed desirable to reclaim from the bed of the Thames a considerable tract of shallow, extending from Whitehall to Waterloo Bridge. No objection whatever can be urged against appropriating this shallow from the river bed. But what to do with it is a serious problem. Eastward of Waterloo Bridge, rearrangement of land marks and water marks was happily impossible. Chambers, in the prophetic spirit of a true artist, had anticipated the Embankment, and piled up his noble river-front of Somerset House in something like a defiance to the Bazalgettes and Vulliamys of the future. In their way, the celebrated Adelphi, the Brothers Adam, did the same; and the Adelphi Terrace at present represents their foresight as regards the Embankment, and their judgment how it ought to be treated. Upon enormous arched vaults of most costly and noble construction, they raised their handsome terrace, and planned the whole of the Adelphi buildings. The necessity for this is to be found in what we have already adverted to—the very precipitous character of the ground, which may be seen behind Coutts's bank and about the house of the Society of Arts. Between the high Strand level

and the actual river bed was a low alluvial tract from which the river was, and is, gradually receding. Over this flat the Adelphi Adams built their arches, and a further flat in front of the Adelphi the new Embankment is now wresting from the Thames.

Here is certainly one of the noblest opportunities ever offered to engineer and architect. It is one which they could scarcely miss. Let us see how it is proposed to deal with it. The reclaimed shallow commences at Whitehall Stairs, or a trifle west of that point. It is proposed to sweep away the *terra incognita* of waste ground behind the East India Museum, and, generally speaking, to rehabilitate all the Scotland Yards up to Northumberland Wharf, which is right enough. And to do this it is proposed to make a new street between Charing Cross and the Embankment—a proposition which cannot be objected to. But the way in which this is to be managed Mr. Butterfield stigmatizes, mildly enough, as "awkward." It is to be done by "running the new street from a starting-point between the new National Bank and Northumberland House, through the gardens and back of Northumberland House in a direct line to the Charing Cross steamboat pier." Let us take this part of the scheme first. The recommendation for it urged by Messrs. Bazalgette and Vulliamy is, besides the importance of the communication, "that it would open up a view of the river from the Opera Arcade and of the new railway bridge." This improved approach is, it is suggested, "of such national importance that it justifies the purchase of Northumberland House, and throws open a fine amount of valuable building frontages." We are not going to be sentimental about Northumberland House; but we had rather retain the old historical house of the Percies, lion and all, and the Strand as Canaletti painted it, than commit the "valuable building frontages" to the mercies of Mr. Vulliamy, who may be a Vitruvius and Palladio and Haussmann all in one, but whose successes in street or any other architecture are absolutely, perhaps from our own fault, unknown to us. But this is not the worst of it. Not only is Northumberland House to go, but the most abnormal range of riverward frontages is to be substituted. Mr. Butterfield lays down, in its most concise and simple form, the *motif* of a river-front. "Buildings along a river's edge should follow the line of the river, and help to lead the eye along it so as to assist the perspective view." A great æsthetic principle was never more neatly enunciated. How do Messrs. Bazalgette and Vulliamy recognise it? From Whitehall Stairs to Waterloo Bridge the river takes what the French would call a gracious curve; this is the famous line of beauty. This is the charming sweep which possessed itself of the poet's soul while surveying, on that sweet early autumn morning, this very curve, when he boldly personified the father stream of England, and endowed it with a loving volition. The curve, as we all know, trends from west to east. The associated authorities of the Board of Works go out of their way to destroy this. Their new frontage of the block which is to rise over Middle Scotland Yard, and is to meet the continuation which they propose of Whitehall Place, is as nearly as possible south and north. Between the elongated Whitehall Place and their proposed new street, which comes out at Northumberland Wharf, is to rise a block nearly triangular, and ending riverwards in the vilest of sharp angles. This block leaves intact that most detestable den, Great Scotland Yard—in deference, we suppose, to Sir Richard Mayne; and it also leaves a large open space of the Embankment between the railway bridge and what we have described as the new north and south line of frontage, which space is on the plan filled with a triangular lump of something which may be a fountain, or may be something less savoury and poetical than a fountain, or may be the site for a group of Thwaites, Bazalgette, and Vulliamy, as the geni, if not the Graces, of architecture. Nothing can be worse or more discordant with Mr. Butterfield's canon than these various lines, which not only do not follow the river, but are set at every angle from it or across it.

But what about the new street which is to necessitate the destruction of Northumberland House? The street itself is the right thing; but by setting it just seventy yards further west, Northumberland House and gardens would be saved. Yes, reply Messrs. Bazalgette and Vulliamy; but you would lose the vista from the Union Club House. To which the answer is easy. Sweep away, or rather set back, the south side of Trafalgar Square, and Drummond's Bank, and you would not only save Northumberland House, but vastly improve "the finest site in Europe," in which the present buildings from Farrance's shop to Drummond's Bank are simply sordid. And you would gain, what is the greatest desideratum for Charing Cross, a view of the Park as well as the river, and—which ought to be a strong recommendation of the plan—of the palace of Thwaites. The new building frontages, be it remembered, would be as valuable in Trafalgar Square as at the corner of the Strand; the communication between the City and the West-end would be the same; and we much doubt whether the cost of purchasing and demolishing in Trafalgar Square would come to more than the purchase of Northumberland House and its large gardens and quadrangle.

Eastward ho! "Between Charing Cross and Waterloo Bridge we recommend the formation of a handsome crescent." Handsome is that handsome does; and this handsome crescent only involves the partial destruction of the Adelphi, and—which is such a trifle that Messrs. Bazalgette and Vulliamy do not think proper to notice it—the entire demolition of the Savoy Chapel and burial-ground; for it is proposed to run a new street from the Strand

and the western corner of Wellington Street at a curve the exact reverse of the river's curve, into the crescent, which takes another curve of its own. We shall not follow Mr. Butterfield in his denunciation of a crescent under any conceivable circumstances, because it only requires a person to have lived or visited in a crescent to know what ugly and inconvenient rooms this absurd street-architecture involves. Perhaps we are not quite prepared to endorse Mr. Butterfield's guarded praise of the Adelphi generally, but we are ready to say that we had rather have the Adams of history and fact than the Vulliamy of promise. We know the worst of the brethren, but we do not know the worst of the crescent-builders. We must add, before we leave the crescent, another criticism, which may be wrong; but if it is, it is to be attributed to the shabbiness of the vile woodcut, the sole authority for any description of these "improvements," which has appeared in the *Illustrated London News*. The crescent does not seem to consist of a single arc of houses, like Park Crescent in the Regent's Park, enclosing an ornamental garden; but in the plan it looks like three concentric arcs of houses. First, and outside, a larger arc of houses, then a street, then a second and smaller arc of houses, and then a third and still smaller arc backing on them and fronting the river. Such a monstrosity is almost impossible; but the plan seems to mean this; and this arrangement of a solid crescent, if we may so call it, actually exists in an obscure nook of the City—Jewin Crescent, Cripplegate.

There are two other considerations, one of a private and the other of a public character, at which we can only just glance. There are the questions of cost and of the public good. For destroying Northumberland House, spoiling the Adelphi, and improving the Savoy off the face of London, we are asked to pay, on a rough estimate, 270,000*l.*, which will of course be 300,000*l.*, and in exchange we shall get "one of the finest features in London"—that is, Mr. Vulliamy's crescent. When we committed ourselves to the Main Drainage impost we knew what we were about; but are the London ratepayers to be called upon to pay all the extras? Is the fringe of the Main Drainage to be constantly expanding into Vulliamy's crescents, and are we to pay for them? We can quite conceive that there is no amount of what the Metropolitan Board of Works call London improvement which they will not excogitate so long as its cost can be tacked on to the Main Drainage. But, as at present advised, we see no immediate connection between the Sewerage question and Mr. Vulliamy's crescent. And we decline to pay for the one in the name of the other. We have a very distinct horror of the Main Drainage Assessment becoming a perpetual impost. And further. Is there no authority for checking or controlling the fancy schemes and vagaries of the Metropolitan Board, and their architect and engineer? We have suffered so many things of so many engineers in London—such as the Ludgate Hill Bridge, and other caprices of that comic corporation, the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway—that we have a most sensitive dread of the reports of chief engineers. As to the Thames Quay and Embankment, its elevation and its details, is there a human being who knows anything about what is settled? The very finest and largest opportunity ever offered for the improvement and embellishment of London is being used or abused, nobody knows how, or under whose authority. We are not asking for London to be Haussmannized; nor do we propose to create a Dictator *Àdile*. But with Bazalgette and Vulliamy impending in the immediate future, and with "finest features," according to Thwaites, looming in the near distance, is it too much to ask whether the time has not come for some public Commission to decide upon our public works? With all respect for the chaste elevations which very ordinary architects "get out" in their offices, we should like to have a little more time and *data* to settle the "approaches to the Thames Embankment" than are afforded by the shabby woodcut which has lately crept into the *Illustrated London News*, and which furnishes the only information on the whole subject that has been allowed to ooze out.

#### THE GOVERNMENT OF COLOURED RACES IN COLONIES.

##### II.

CERTAINLY, the more one thinks about it, the more strange and anomalous appear the conditions of English rule over distant continents and islands, peopled by races the most dissimilar to ourselves, and, in many cases, the most dissimilar to each other. That a country, nearly the smallest of all powerful countries in relation to the number of its inhabitants, should exercise not only dominant influence, but actual authority and rule, in the far East and the far West—should modify the laws and adjudicate on the rights of Hindoos and Mussulmans, Negroes and Malays, Kaffirs and Chinese, outnumbering its own population in the ratio of eight or ten to one, and separated from its own shores by thousands and thousands of miles—suggests considerations not only as to the means by which this huge power was acquired, but also as to those by which it will be retained. And although the question necessarily extorts from a certain school of politicians their favourite prescription of excision, even this reply serves rather to vary than to bound the wide field of speculation which is proper to the subject.

The one conspicuous feature of our rule has been its absence of special regulations. In this we are unlike those nations which preceded us in the splendour and grandeur of vast colonial empires.

The Portuguese had regulations for their Indian possessions. The Spaniards had a complex system for their American dependencies. The Dutch had an artificial machinery for the government of their Eastern territories. We have come in as the successors of Dutch, Spaniards, and Portuguese. We have inherited their laws, customs, and systems; but, though we have taken the inheritance with the conditions, we have maintained the inheritance without maintaining the conditions. These we have not directly abrogated, although in some cases we have done so; more generally, we have suffered them to die out—to perish of desuetude. We have never, till of late years, been concerned to replace them by any substitute of our own. Lately, a vague desire has seized the official mind to reproduce fragments of British institutions in all climes, and among all races of mankind, except in India; to make members of Parliament and voters for Parliament, municipalities and corporations, wherever the British flag floats, irrespective of the character of the people, their wishes, and their aptitudes.

It surely cannot be uninteresting to inquire—How does this power exist? How long will it exist? We fear that the answer to the first query will hardly correspond with the views of some very spiritual-minded persons who have written good little books, or what Lady Duff Gordon calls "abominable little books," for the edification of British youth. According to these little books, we have conquered India and our other possessions simply by our moral power. We produced our Bibles, preached our sermons, sang our hymns, and the walls of the Moslem and Hindoo Jerichos fell before us. We believe that this doctrine is strictly held by many excellent persons, whose inculcation of it will be the more effective in proportion to the pertinacity with which they reject all traditions of a purely mundane kind. But it is a teaching which would be deemed as strikingly incorrect by the followers of Clyde and Coots in India as it would by the companions of Lord Gough in China. It cannot be too clearly remembered that our power was won by the arm of the flesh; by dauntless resolution in war, and, in former times— we fear we must add—by a not very scrupulous policy in peace. But the main foundation of our acquisitions was physical prowess. Our soldiers and sailors beat men more numerous but more feeble than themselves, and erected an empire on the fears of the vanquished. This, too, is an essential condition of our present tenure. To rule, we must be feared, or at least respected as superior. We do not say that mere brute force or mere brute courage is sufficient to keep an alien race in subjection, but we say that both are indispensable conditions. We do not say that other qualities are not respected by Indians or Africans. We know that they are. Piety is respected by all the nations of the East. Justice is eminently respected. The justice and truth of the English Government and the English officers are the wonder and the admiration of natives who, in their dealings with one another, know only trickery and falsehood. But then this justice and this truthfulness are exhibited by the sons of men who have stood one to fifty against boastful foes, and come off conquerors in the end—of men who were strong enough to dispense with truthfulness and justice as mere instruments of policy, albeit they would not dispense with them as rules of conduct. The deeper admiration is for the strong arm and the stout heart; the superficial and expressed admiration is for the moral qualities which accompany these. It is but a variation of what we see among our own boys at school. There is but a very languid admiration among boys for the "sap" whose Latin elegiacs and Greek iambics are the master's delight; but who shall measure the respect felt for the scholar who, besides his power of "knocking off" Greek or Latin verses, has licked a boy nearly twice his height, and pulled stroke in a winning Eight? The homage paid to physical prowess and personal pluck doubtless (as we are often told) savours of the barbarous infancy of the world, and is a discredit to the intellectual progress of mankind. We accept the doctrine with due humility; but, at the same time, we cannot shut our eyes to facts. And unless the majority of men who have lived half their lives in India are all stricken with judicial blindness or inspired by lying spirits, we must adhere to our belief that the substratum of our power rests on those harder and sterner qualities which, although they have often been displayed by Christian preachers and martyrs, were not especially commended—indeed, were rather disparaged—by the first promulgators of Christianity.

We have said enough to guard ourselves against the notion that in India—and our preceding remarks apply mainly to India—we believe our strength to consist solely and exclusively in our physical resources. We are convinced that, on the whole, our raj is beneficial to the people of India. The most bitter opponents of British supremacy admit that it is more just and beneficial to them than that of a native dynasty was or could be. We acknowledge that it is to our advantage that it should be admitted to be beneficial to them. We recognise in this character an important element of stability; and there, for the present, we are content to leave this part of the subject to that hopeful body of transcendentalists who already yearn to see the day when England will have completed her education of India sufficiently to start her on her own path of progress, unaided and alone. It is to be hoped that, when that day does come, some compensating field of employment will have been meted out for the examiners of the Civil Service Commission and the ambitious youth of the middle classes; unless, indeed, the economists of Mr. Bright's school shall have brought about such a state of things in England as may render this anxiety superfluous.



There is one peculiarity in our relations with the natives of Eastern climes which, though less striking now than it was, is still striking enough to excite our own astonishment. At one time it was in our power to say that we ruled a hundred millions of people by two hundred thousand men of their own race, with whom we had no one sentiment or opinion in common, but on whose devoted and unwavering loyalty we could safely rely. This belief has received a rude shock from the Indian Mutiny, which revealed to us the profound gulf which separates the Oriental from the European mind. The old trust in uniform and incorruptible loyalty has gone. But the strange phenomenon still exists of our ruling that immense province with the aid of men whose loyalty is not wholly undoubted, and with whom we have the slightest sympathy on matters of taste, morals, and religion. We stand aloof from the people whom we govern. Pride keeps some of us, religion keeps others, apart from them. We do not, like the Romans, accept the deities of subject nations. We do not, like Frenchmen or Southern Europeans, assume their dress and their manner of life. Compare any Frenchmen or Italians long settled in India with the Englishman, official or non-official, and contrast the identification of the former with the isolation of the latter. We have seen Europeans who, if we met them in Alexandria or Trieste, would seem to us good Mussulmans or Brahmans. When we see such an Englishman, he strikes us as a prodigy. And so with our other Eastern peoples. We conquer a bit of a Chinese province, or we settle in a Chinese provincial capital; but we never assume Chinese manners, or identify ourselves with the Chinese people, any more than we think of becoming professed Buddhists. We fashion for ourselves a sort of Anglo-Chinese code of customs, which is an English code modified by local circumstances. We trade with Chinese merchants, or we capture Chinese forts; we hire and we bully Chinese servants; but of the inner Chinese life we know very little even in the extreme littoral provinces which are most familiar to us, and in the interior of the Empire still less. Yet, after all, we manage to hold our own, and get as much respect as could reasonably be accorded to outer barbarians.

In those Western colonies where the population is mainly of African descent we have a different element to deal with. The negro, originally introduced by ourselves, has grown up under our own protection and supervision. In comparatively rare cases does he know anything of his ancestral country. In no case does he wish to return thither. He has no hereditary castes; no religious traditions; no national associations. He has no records of an effete but immemorial civilization; no typical fables of a dateless mythology. He has passed from slavery to apprenticeship, from apprenticeship to freedom the most absolute. He has been admitted to the enjoyment of civil rights, which in Europe presuppose on the part of those who exercise them a previous preparation such as the negro never underwent. Not, indeed, in all, but in most of the colonies, circumstances, apparently the most favourable to him, have really been to his prejudice. His unlimited freedom, instead of a perfect blessing, has been too frequently his bane. A climate to which cold was entirely foreign, and a soil which forbade the condition of hunger, combined with scantiness of population to remove that stimulus to industry to which the fervid heat of an Indian sun has not rendered the ryot insensible. Naturally imitative and disposed to follow the lead of superior natures, he has, through the falling fortunes of the islands, been deprived of the presence of those English settlers whose permanent residence might have afforded him examples of social and political life. And in other respects the conditions of his existence have not been fortunate. In all tropical colonies there is a sort of half-marriage relation between the European residents and the native women. The offspring of these alliances bridge over the gulf between the two opposite sections of the community. The results, which in the case of Southern Europeans and negro women are comparatively happy, are not fortunate in the case of Englishmen. Whether it be from differences in the physical type of the Englishman or from other causes, certain it is that there is a more complete amalgamation between the black races and the Southern Europeans than between the black races and Englishmen. The mixed offspring of the Portuguese or Spaniards and the negroes present the appearance of much stronger fusion than do the mulatto children of Englishmen and negroes. The same discord which distinguishes their physical distinguishes also their moral features. The English mulatto unites rather than blends the opposite characteristics of the two races. He is excitable, passionate, capricious, and desultory as the negro; he is proud, sullen, and discontented as any Englishman. He is extremely sensitive, and his position tries his sensitiveness acutely. He is almost always better educated than any negro; sometimes he has received the education of a well-to-do Englishman. But no advantages of education ever enable him to counteract the awkwardness of his position, or to conquer the morbid sensitiveness of his nature. And it must be admitted that there are some things well fitted to wound his sensitiveness. It is among the most noticeable features of modern colonial life that the prejudice against people of colour has grown in proportion to the mitigation of their civil disabilities. The prejudice, too, exists far more strongly among the lower than the higher classes of our race. It exists strongly among English and American artisans, but more strongly among Irish artisans. It is difficult to assign its cause. Probably it is in part due to the favour shown by the British Government to the people of colour after the emancipation, and is only the

natural recoil of a policy violently and prematurely urged. Probably the consciousness of superior numbers and strength has much to do with it. Whatever its cause, it does exist, and its existence is mischievous in the extreme. And the worst of it is that, while this prejudice has been growing against the mulattos, a spirit of discontent and hostility has, in some but not all of the colonies, been growing up among the negroes. The causes of this we have already stated to consist in the natural development of the feeling of race, imperfect instruction, and wrong instruction. It is not wonderful that, in these circumstances, the negroes should find leaders in a class connected with them by blood, and superior to them in talent and education. The mulatto, who is always aspiring upwards, despises the negro as much as he detests the white man, is always ready to make use of the black man for his political ends, and to drop him as soon as those ends have been attained. The black man, on his part, has eagerly imbibed from his favourite pastors the doctrine that all men are equal, that he should call no man "master," and that all the advantages he enjoys are only his due. It is likely enough also that, conscious of this belief, and galled by his demeanour, the white settlers make matters worse by an increased hauteur and repulsiveness of manner.

Altogether, the state of things is most unsatisfactory. To what end it may lead ultimately, the Jamaica catastrophe shows. Without pronouncing any judgment on evidence as yet quite imperfect, it is sufficient to point out that the whole white population was in a genuine fear of a negro rebellion. Now, that one section of a colonial population should live in a normal dread of the rest is perfectly inconsistent with the very idea and objects of civil government. Whatever government may be devised for Jamaica in future must at least be able to control the ebullitions of violence and the epidemic spasms of fear. As we have before said, we cannot afford to be perpetually sending out Commissions to investigate charges of wholesale homicide; nor can we afford to maintain ships and regiments for the defence of profitless negro dependencies, from which our own countrymen have been driven by terror or outrage. We cannot suppose it to be impossible to devise means for maintaining the Queen's authority and British supremacy in the West Indies, despite the angry fears of one portion of the population and the ferocious violence of the other. We must hear nothing in future of 2,000, or even 500 negroes having been shot down; but we must also hear nothing of unrebuked threats to drive the whites into the sea. If Jamaica or any other dependency cannot be controlled, let it be abandoned.

#### FREE TRADE IN SHIPWRECK.

##### II.

WE have not quite done with the Board of Trade. In a former article we called attention to the singular fact that a Board created to control, in the interests of humanity, the construction and equipment of ships and other like matters, had suddenly become converted to the theory that the self-interest of the shipowner would work more effectually than its own supervision, and that its duty was to leave undone, as far as possible, the task which Parliament had imposed upon it. The most remarkable feature of this conversion has yet to be noticed. The Board of Trade still goes on, in spite of its new theory, inspecting the hulls, rigging, and equipment of passenger steamers—matters which shipbuilders really do understand as well as the best-informed official; but it has absolutely declined to see to the adjustment of ships' compasses—a matter which, with all deference be it spoken, shipbuilders and shipowners, as a rule, do not pretend to understand at all. Dull unofficial people would perhaps jump hastily to the conclusion, that if we are to have interference in some particulars and not in others, the assistance of trained supervision should be given in matters of a difficult and recondite kind, and that the simpler conditions of safety, such as making a ship water-tight, fitting her with proper boats and the like, might be left (if anything could be prudently left) to the action of that enlightened self-interest on which the Board of Trade affects to rely for the correction of compass-errors. The Board, however, has determined otherwise; and it has been ill-advised enough to give reasons for its judgment.

We do not wish to re-open the broad question whether there ought or ought not to be any Government inspection at all with a view to the prevention of shipwreck. It is enough that the law has so enacted, and that the Board of Trade is the instrument for carrying those enactments into effect. We may, however, in passing, note the arguments on either side of what some may think a debateable question. The advocates of free trade in shipwreck say that interference of any kind diminishes moral responsibility, and is so far pernicious—an argument not altogether without weight, but subject to many qualifications. They say, in the second place, that the interest of the shipowner prompts him to do more for the safety of his ship, and so of his crew and passengers, than any Government pressure can compel him to do—an argument which would be weighty if it were based on fact. The substantial answer to this—indeed the only justification for the existence of a Board of Trade at all—is, first, that it is not always the interest of the shipowner to take the utmost precaution against shipwreck, however much he may be impelled by higher motives to do so; and secondly, that there are some few perils, and notably the danger from ill-adjusted compasses, which he does not ordinarily know how to cope with. Treating the case from the purely scientific and selfish point of

view, it is not the interest of a shipowner to indulge in any very costly precautions, unless they are such as to produce a corresponding reduction in the rate of premium. Once get a ship rated as A 1, and any additional expense to keep her afloat is money wasted if only she be fully insured; and even apart from insurance altogether, it is obvious that to spend in special precautions, say upon 100 ships, the cost of two in order to save one from sinking, would be a bad commercial investment. It is precisely for the purpose of compelling the owners—of passenger ships at any rate—to go somewhat beyond the best-paying limit in the outlay incurred to insure the safety of the vessel, that the Board of Trade has been directed to interfere. This may or may not have been good political economy on the part of the Legislature, but it is very good humanity, and God forbid that any House of Commons should declare that shipowners are justified in sending crazy ships to sea if only the saving on each vessel is sufficient to clear the occasional losses. These are our reasons for saying that self-interest, however well-informed, is not enough of itself to insure the use of adequate safeguards against shipwreck; and it is only because all the better class of shipowners, with or without the pressure of the Board of Trade, go far beyond the dictates of mere selfishness that there are not many more disasters than the thousands which annually occur. But there is another and much weightier reason for not always trusting to self-interest. The most doctrinaire economist will admit that it is only “enlightened self-interest,” as the cant goes, that claims our worship; and it follows that when self-interest is not enlightened, some other force must be brought to its aid wherever human life is largely dependent on its wholesome action.

Out of these considerations we think we may lay down a few general principles which even the Board of Trade or the shipowners themselves can scarcely quarrel with. First, in mere matters of money, by all means leave the self-interest of shipowners to take care of itself. Secondly, in all matters involving a risk of human life, trust to self-interest only so far as it is certain that loss of life to others means loss of money to the shipowner. And thirdly, in all cases where self-interest is uninformed, exercise the utmost vigilance lest ignorance should cause disasters in spite of the best intentions; and let this supervision be relaxed only when the spread of information shall have dispensed with the necessity of Government action. The Board of Trade have acted on exactly the opposite theory. Obvious defects in ships which would put them into a low class at Lloyds', and which every one knows how to avoid, if he pleases, are provided against with superfluous vigilance; but elements of danger of the most serious kind, so little understood as not even to be taken into account in Lloyds' register, are wholly neglected by a Board which, if it interferes at all, ought surely to do so in cases where shipowners are neither stimulated by interest nor enabled by any information at their command to avail themselves of the fitting safeguards.

Let us should be supposed to be putting a purely imaginary case, let us state the known facts of this matter of compass-adjustment. Our first fact is, that however difficult the science of the compass may be, and however complicated its application, no ships of the Royal Navy are ever lost or seriously imperilled by compass-error. Thanks to the labours of men of science and to the practical skill with which their discoveries have been applied by the Compass Department of the Admiralty, the danger from this source, though not absolutely got rid of, is reduced to a very moderate amount. Our second fact is, that iron merchant ships are lost or imperilled by hundreds from this self-same cause. Whether it is because a badly-adjusted compass involves no extra premium, or because shipowners and those whom they employ have not yet mastered the latest developments of the science of the compass, it is beyond dispute that, as a rule, the adjustment of the compasses in most merchant vessels is so defective as to add largely to the perils of the seas.

Two familiar circumstances will sufficiently show how wide and how deep is the ignorance and indifference with which the subject is treated. If any public body should understand it, surely it ought to be the Board of Trade; and yet it is notorious that when they institute an inquiry into the cause of a wreck, it never occurs to them to ask a single pertinent question about the condition of the ship's compasses. The whole matter is passed over as lightly as if the compass were an ornament of no more importance than the cuddy lamp, when, for anything that the Board can know to the contrary, its undetected errors may have been the sole cause of the shipwreck they are investigating. So, too, when a merchant captain is examined for his certificate, his knowledge of compass-adjustment is never tested by the Board of Trade. Again, if any commercial body might be expected to take some pains with this rather intricate subject, it should be the Committee of Lloyds' Register, on whom it devolves to classify ships for the purpose of insurance. Yet the Committee consider it not within their province to ascertain whether an A 1 ship has a compass that will guide her safely, or one that is as likely as not to lead her on to the first rock or shoal which she may approach.

The real reason of this utter neglect of a matter of vital concern is not very difficult to discover. Fifty years hence a President of the Board of Trade or a Secretary of Lloyds' Committee will doubtless be ashamed to confess ignorance on a matter so immediately connected with his duties; but the progress of magnetical science as applied to ships' compasses has been so rapid and so recent, that neither Boards nor Committees can be got to believe in its existence, in spite of the evidence open to them of its successful application in the ships of the Royal Navy. The

correspondence which has been recently published, illustrates very curiously, not only the ignorance but the utter scepticism which prevails in some official and commercial circles, upon this important subject. The Royal Society, as their Transactions show, have been much engaged of late years upon investigations both into the theory and the practical application of compass correction, and have had brought vividly before them the contrast between the comparative safety of our men-of-war and the great perils of our iron merchant ships, from the disturbance of the magnetic needle. Last May, they accordingly sent to the Board of Trade a very careful memorandum upon the subject, prepared by those members of the Society who have been mainly instrumental in advancing the science of the compass and its application in the Royal Navy. This paper pointed out many of the most prevalent errors in regard to the position and general adjustment of the compasses in merchant vessels, and laid down general principles for their avoidance, but at the same time explained that no rule-of-thumb code could be constructed which would apply to every ship, and that the only effectual method of combating the danger was that which had been so successfully adopted in the Navy—namely, to employ specially instructed superintendents to see that the compass adjustments of iron ships, and especially of passenger steamers, were made in accordance with sound principles. The memorandum further pointed out the vital importance of including some sort of knowledge of the compass and its vagaries among the conditions for a master's or mate's certificate.

To these very reasonable suggestions, emanating from a body entitled to speak with authority in the matter, the Board of Trade replied in effect, that they saw a whole host of difficulties in the way of doing anything, but that they would refer the matter to Lloyds' Register Committee, whose proper business it was to see that ships classed by them were seaworthy. They also asked for a code of rules, if the Royal Society could put them in the way of getting them. To this the Royal Society replied, that a complete manual could not well be framed until after a thorough supervision of the practice in the mercantile marine, and that the only effectual way of dealing with a subject which does not admit of being governed by self-acting rules was to establish the supervision first, and let the manual grow out of it. That this was the mode which had produced such good results in the Navy, and that the best thing the Board of Trade could do would be to follow in the same path. The memorandum, however, which had been sent in the first instance embodied all the principles on which supervision would have to be conducted, or a seaman's manual prepared. Some further explanatory details were also communicated, in the shape of a letter from Captain Evans, the officer in charge of the Magnetic Department of the Navy, in the course of which he refers to the memorandum of the Royal Society for the more general views of the subject, and states, from his own personal knowledge, that such regulations as exist in the mercantile marine for the adjustment of compasses are, except in the case of a few large companies, practically inoperative, and that there is no guarantee for the competency of the compass-adjuster. He adds a code of rules, so far as rules can be definitely framed, but still leaving a large margin for their intelligent application to particular ships. Some further correspondence led to no result, except that it elicited from the Board of Trade the famous manifesto in favour of free trade in shipwreck, on which we have already commented.

The correspondence, however, either in whole or in part, was forwarded to Lloyds' Register Committee, and was acknowledged in a letter which curiously confirms what we have said as to the scepticism and indifference with which the subject is treated. Like the Board of Trade, Lloyds' Register Committee “apprehend that it will not be in their power to take any active steps in the matter,” and assign as a reason that “little is known at present as to any method which shall ensure satisfactory action of compasses in iron vessels.” Ignorance, no doubt, is a justification for inaction, and it is perhaps better to do nothing than to blunder in the dark. But it does not follow, because “little is known” to the Board of Trade and Lloyds' Committee, that therefore “little is known” to those who have investigated the subject and applied their knowledge with remarkable success in the vessels of the Royal Navy.

If, as they themselves say, Lloyds' Register Committee know so little about compasses as to be unable to take them into consideration in judging of the seaworthiness of a ship, the natural inference seems to be, not to rest in indolence and danger any longer, but to apply for assistance to those who do know and who have shown their willingness to communicate their knowledge. The remarkable shape in which the correspondence has been printed by Lloyds' Committee strongly corroborates what we have already said. No one of course would accuse a body of so high a character of intentionally garbling a printed correspondence, but it is the fact that some of the most important letters and passages of letters—including the foundation of the whole, the memorandum of the Royal Society—are struck out, apparently in happy ignorance that they contain the germ of the whole dispute. It is satisfactory, however, that the matter is reduced to very simple issues. The Royal Society say that there is such a thing as a science of compass-adjustment capable of practical application. The Board of Trade and Lloyds' Register Committee say, in effect, that so little is known on the subject by themselves, or any one else, that it is idle to attempt to reduce the dangers from ill-adjusted compasses. The Admiralty say, from their own experience, that compasses may be so adjusted, and are so adjusted in their ships, as almost entirely to get rid of the danger to which our merchant ships are



so recklessly exposed. This is met on the commercial side by the express assertion that it is impossible to do anything, and by the implied assertion that the compass-adjustment of the Navy is a pure fiction.

Now these are issues of fact which may very easily be determined, and we only ask now whether the Royal Society or the Board of Trade is the higher authority on the science of the subject, and whether the Admiralty who have succeeded in applying the science, are better or worse judges of its feasibility than Lloyds' Register Committee, who refuse to make the attempt, and do not profess to be able to know whether a ship's compasses are in or out of order. One conclusion is very plain—that if the Board of Trade and Lloyds' Committee are wrong in their facts a terrible responsibility rests upon them; and that they are wrong in the assertion that the science and its practice are a mere delusion, the labours of the Royal Society and the experience of the Admiralty conclusively show. As matters stand now, ships are hourly endangered by preventable defects in their compass-adjustments, and no one in authority will stir a finger to supply a remedy which is within reach, or to dissipate a cloud of ignorance and prejudice which overshadows and endangers the whole mercantile marine. Surely it is time for Parliament to interpose and put an end to such gross neglect.

#### RATIONAL PHILANTHROPY.

THE improvement which has for some years past been visible in the street architecture of London can scarcely afford much gratification to any one who looks below the surface. In every direction, most of all perhaps in the poorest districts, new railways are necessitating new streets, and new streets are supplying a frontage for new and handsome buildings. If these last displaced nothing more sensitive than so much brick and mortar, the change would give occasion only for hearty congratulation. The most correct or the least developed taste in art may agree in admitting that a huge Renaissance insurance office, or a quasi-Gothic range of warehouses, is a desirable exchange for a row of wretched hovels, the seat of an over-crowded population and the centre of epidemic infection. But, unfortunately, neither of these forms of mischief is tied to any particular neighbourhood, and consequently their successful expulsion from one spot may imply nothing more than that they have taken themselves off to another. Nor need they be at any loss where to go. They have only to keep with the dispossessed inhabitants, in the full certainty that the latter will have no choice left them save to contribute an additional item to the wretchedness and disease of some already overcrowded district. London improvements have hitherto, with scarcely an exception, been all on the outside. They may have pleased the eye or promoted the convenience of the wealthier classes, but they have only aggravated the miseries of the poor. Every low neighbourhood which has been "opened up" has simply overflowed into some adjoining parish, with the double effect of making the rents higher and the accommodation more scanty. The condition of certain portions of London is daily approximating to that of a city on the eve of a siege, into which, as the enemy advances, all the inhabitants of the surrounding country come crowding for shelter. Formerly, the poorer quarters were pretty sure of being left to themselves. The rage for building did not extend beyond dwelling-houses, and the enterprising spirits who colonized Belgravia had no desire to interfere with the inhabitants of Clerkenwell or Bethnal Green. It is to the combined action of trade and locomotion that the recent mischiefs are owing, and scarcely any neighbourhood has been found too poor for a range of warehouses, or too remote for a railway station. The necessity, therefore, of some sort of provision for the sufferers under these wholesale evictions becomes more pressing, as each succeeding Session of Parliament brings to maturity a new batch of private Bills. Every other project for raising the condition of the poor seems to imply this as a condition precedent. You cannot educate their children to any purpose if the lessons of the school are necessarily contradicted by the squalor and indecency of their homes; and it seems beginning at the wrong end to spend money in curing their diseases, when a large proportion of them are directly preventable, and are the result of the unhealthiness of their houses. In the agricultural districts, perhaps, an improved dietary is a more urgent want even than improved dwellings; but in towns, at any rate, this latter requirement lies at the root of every scheme for doing any physical or moral good to the lower classes. If they are to live as Christians, they must first be housed like human beings. While, however, as a matter of fact, the changes which promise to make London more habitable for one section of its citizens have had a directly contrary effect upon the condition of another and far larger section, the advocates of alteration have still something to say for themselves. The space actually inhabited by the London poor is now, and will probably long continue to be, perfectly adequate for their numbers, provided only that its capabilities are turned to proper account. But this is exactly the point at which the present method of building fails most signally. Under the guidance of their landlords, the poor of London have been forced to burrow like rabbits; and while the capabilities of the basement and the cellar have been developed to the utmost possible extent, the houses have rarely been carried up more than two stories above ground. In this way a site is wasted in providing four rooms, which, on a better system, might have been large enough for twelve; and the same first cost, so far as the land is concerned,

might have been made to give comfortable accommodation for double the present number of inhabitants, without any of the present sacrifices of decency or health. Why, then, it is asked, do not the house-builders of London open their eyes to their own interest, and turn their property to better account? If we accept one answer which has been lately given to this question, the evil is to be mainly attributed to the shortness of the term for which land in London is usually let. According to this view of the case, people will not lay out money in building substantial and durable dwellings upon sites in which they have only, at the most, a ninety-nine years' interest. We doubt, however, whether any one who thus reasons has ever taken the trouble to calculate the value of a reversion, or is at all aware how very small an addition to the rent of a house would be sufficient, at compound interest, to put the owner of a leasehold in exactly as good a position as the owner of a freehold in respect of the amount to be realized at the close of the term of years. The true reason why the poorer sort of London houses is so wretchedly built is to be looked for in the small amount of capital which is really invested in the trade. Rich men usually dispose of their money in other ways, and poor men prefer to get large profits from a small outlay rather than moderate profits from a larger outlay. If there were sufficient house accommodation obtainable for the London poor, five and even seven shillings a week would not be paid for two damp cellars or windy garrets; and so long as there is no competitor in the field, a needy landlord will find it more to his interest to overcrowd his houses at exorbitant rents than to replace them, or allow others to replace them, by a set of roomy and convenient flats of five or six storeys.

Here, therefore, there is an admirable opportunity for the exercise of a judicious philanthropy. In so large a field as this, mere charity, however extensive, can do but little; and even if it were desirable to turn the working-men of London into wholesale recipients of alms, it would not be possible to provide them with gratuitous lodgings. All that can be done by individuals in this direction would only put a few isolated members of the class in a better position than their fellows, leaving the class itself as badly off as before. What is wanted is not two or three well-built and well-appointed houses here and there, to be occupied by favoured pensioners at nominal rents, but such a thorough improvement in the house accommodation of London as a whole as may enable every working-man to live decently, without paying more than he does at present. In this process there must necessarily be three stages. The existing race of landlords can only be acted on by finding their houses remain unlet, and this will not be the case until the tenants can obtain better accommodation at the same price. To enable them to do this, the erection of this class of houses must be in the hands of men of larger means and less grasping spirit than those at present engaged in the trade; and this change will be effected, we believe, so soon as the problem how to make such investments reasonably remunerative has been fairly solved. If capitalists are seldom great saints, they are not of necessity great sinners; and there are many men who would be content with a moderate return for their money, when combined with the satisfaction of promoting a really important object, who are not disposed to run any risks, or to find out for themselves the means by which the result can be achieved. The part, therefore, which seems to be reserved for philanthropy is the institution of such a series of experiments as shall furnish men of business with the requisite data for action and with the encouragement of practical success. A building which returns four per cent. would, in the present state of the question, be a more real boon to the London poor than one of double the size which returned no profits at all. The latter would do no good beyond the range of the people actually housed in it; the former would bear abundant fruit in the shape of repeated copies of the original design. The real test of any undertaking of the kind is the degree in which it tends to propagate itself by enlisting on the side of benevolence the natural force of commercial enterprise.

Unfortunately this is just the point at which the experiment usually breaks down. Model lodging-houses seem for the most part to do everything but pay; and it is with very sincere regret that we find ourselves compelled to include under this general condemnation the last and most conspicuous effort which has been made to set a better example. The trustees of Mr. Peabody's munificent gift to the poor of London are so far in advance of their predecessors that they are able to define with the utmost accuracy the principle by which the conduct of such an enterprise should be guided. It has been their object to "demonstrate to the proprietors of house-property less favourably circumstanced the practicability of rendering the dwellings of the poor healthful, cheerful, and attractive; and at the same time of securing to the landlords a fair return for their investments." As far as the character of the buildings is concerned, this intention seems to have been strictly carried out. Five pieces of land have been secured in different quarters of London, and on two of these—one at Spitalfields and the other at Islington—large blocks of houses have been erected, containing accommodation, in the first case, for upwards of 200 persons, and in the second for upwards of 650. The arrangements throughout, in respect to drainage, ventilation, and cleanliness, are stated to be of the most satisfactory kind, and the rents demanded are less by nearly a third than the average charges which are now made for the very poorest lodgings in London. Up to this point, therefore, the statement is everything which one could wish such

a document to be. But when we turn from the account of what has been laid out to the account of what has been received, the aspect of affairs is a good deal changed. The total cost of the land and buildings at Spitalfields was 27,215*l.* 11*s.* 3*d.* The buildings were opened on the 29th of February, 1864, and immediately occupied; so that, supposing the balance-sheet to have been made up to the 25th of December, 1865—it is dated merely “December,” without any day being named—the trustees have been in receipt of rent for a year and ten months. The sum received, after deducting expenses, is 764*l.* 8*s.* 3*d.*, or not quite 1½ per cent. per annum. The sum laid out included, it appears, “the cost of erecting nine shops on the ground-floor, the rents of which, amounting to nearly 500*l.* per annum, go to increase the general fund, and thus contribute to the reproductive character which it is the desire of the trustees to impart to it.” These shops clearly cannot have been occupied continuously since February, 1864, or their rents would alone have been more than the actual receipts for the whole building; but they have no doubt contributed some part of the income, though the exact proportion is not stated, and thus the whole calculation is surrounded with some uncertainty. In the case of the Islington experiment, however, there is no such difficulty; but here, as it happens, the results are even less consolatory. The sum spent was 35,608*l.* 19*s.* 9*d.*, and the rents received were 179*l.* 3*s.* 8*d.*, or less than ½ per cent. Even supposing the rents charged to be raised to the level of those ordinarily asked for lodgings among the same class of persons—a level, it must be remembered, which is exceptionally high just at present—the receipts would only be increased by about a third; so that the return of the Spitalfields building would still be less than two per cent., and that of the Islington buildings less than one per cent. It is possible, of course, that there may be some way of accounting for these figures which does not appear in the Report; and we wish to urge upon the trustees the expediency of publishing a supplementary balance-sheet, showing on one side the principal items of the building charges, and on the other the exact proportion of rent which has been received from the different classes of rooms. When this has been done we shall be able to come to some conclusion, whether the error has lain on the side of charging too little or of giving too much; but, in the absence of all explanation, the experience of the Peabody Trustees will hardly, we fear, “demonstrate to the owners of house-property less favourably circumstanced” that they may make the dwellings of the poor “healthful, cheerful, and attractive,” and at the same time secure to themselves “a fair return for their investments.” It may be objected, perhaps, that any criticism on the mode in which the funds at the trustees’ disposal have been expended is at once superfluous and ungracious, when the donor has just shown his continued confidence in their discretion by the addition of 100,000*l.* to his original gift. But there is no question as to the absolute good done by the erection of these buildings. The sole doubt which has been raised is whether, upon a different system, the same money might not do incalculably more good. As matters stand, admirable accommodation will be provided for some 3,000 or 4,000 people; whereas, if the administration of the capital fund were directed towards making the buildings genuinely self-supporting, and therefore genuinely reproductive, the benefit might in the end extend itself to the whole body of the London poor. Supposing the houses to return four per cent. on the outlay, the mere accumulations of the fund itself would enable the trustees to do as much as they have yet done nearly every five years; and before the return of many such periods we believe that the ordinary course of building speculation would supply the existing want, and leave the trustees at liberty to devote their savings to other purposes. The expenditure, on such an object and by a single citizen, of a quarter of a million is so utterly without a parallel in the records of benevolence that we are naturally anxious to see the results as exceptional as the occasion.

#### THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

THE hopes which had been entertained of the power of vaccination to control the cattle plague have not been realized, and we have now before us this virulent pestilence in all its intensity. When we wrote little more than a month ago (December 30th), the deaths of 50,000 animals, and the loss, then estimated at half a million sterling, as the results of the first six months’ operation of the plague, seemed sufficiently formidable items. Now, alas! the deaths number very nearly 100,000, whilst the pecuniary loss is doubled, and this in little more than a month.

It is not difficult to estimate what, at this rate of progress, our losses will soon amount to; but, as has been said on a former occasion, the pecuniary value of the stock is only a very partial element of the damage sustained, for not only is the farmer deprived of so much of his capital, but the fodder provided for the animals is lost, the butter and cheese are gone, young stock are sacrificed, breeding is stopped, there will be no manure for the land, and the whole of the farming operations are, and will be, deranged. It is small matter for surprise, then, that the progress of the pestilence should be marked by deserted byres and farmyards, and by farm-houses, now desolate, in which but a little time ago want and anxiety were unknown. The landlord must soon suffer from rents unpaid, and from poor-rates which must inevitably increase when farm labourers are thrown out of employment. The landed interest will no doubt receive, and have to bear, the first shock of the calamity, but

that interest cannot suffer without involving every other. There are those who see in the unchecked progress of the plague the source of a formidable financial crisis, and there is grave reason to fear that they may be right.

The measures hitherto adopted are admitted to be utterly powerless in arresting the spread of the disease. The last-constituted local authorities—the Courts of Quarter Sessions—have been amongst the first to recognise how unfit they are for the duties that have been cast upon them by the Government. Each Court, influenced by a variety of circumstances, has made rules and regulations which it believed to be best, each one differing more or less from its neighbour. In one county, cattle cannot be moved across a road, even for water; in another, they may be sent to market, or to a railway station, or to another farm. Persons having extensive business transactions as cattle-dealers are perplexed and puzzled by the varied regulations. The farmers in a district where the rules are rigid, and rigidly enforced, are jealous and annoyed at the greater license afforded in other districts, and naturally seek to evade the restrictions imposed upon them from which their neighbours are free. Then all the incorporated market-towns placed in the centre of Quarter Sessions districts are entirely beyond Quarter Sessions control, and are free to act as they please, whilst some places labour under the misfortune of being in more districts than one. Thus we read “that the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire have not uniform regulations. Malton, being the border town of the two Ridings, is peculiarly affected by the orders, the town being in the North, and the railway station in the East Riding. Thus the East Riding cannot send in for slaughter, and the North Riding cannot take cattle to the railway”; very great inconvenience is the natural result. Again, in a district in which cattle may be moved from one farm to another, but into which cattle cannot be brought *ab externo*, a farmer, in driving his cattle from one farm to another, happens to pass through the outskirts of one of these market-towns, and finds, to his surprise and dismay, that he had thereby gone out of his own Quarter Sessions’ district, and can neither get backwards nor forwards. In another district, animals may be sent to the nearest railway, but they may not terminate their career at the butcher’s slaughter-house which they pass on the road to the station. Again, cattle, even though they may be suffering from disease, may be carried and kept for any length of time on railways, independently of all magisterial interference. Nay, more; if a stranger think fit to drive cattle through the country, he cannot be compelled by any existing law to give any information concerning himself or his stock, nor can he be arrested. A policeman may follow him, it is true, but the pursuit would be profitless. Facts like these show the entire inefficiency of the law, and the incompetence of the present local authorities for the very arduous duties which have been unfairly and unwisely assigned to them.

If the cattle plague is to be stayed in its devastating course, this can only be done by the powerful hand of a central Government conscious of the enormous importance of the duty and of its difficulties, and willing to undertake great labour and great responsibility. It is impossible to look even superficially into the history of the pestilence, or to see what is taking place daily around us, without a feeling of dismay as to what, at this late period, may be the result even of the best-directed efforts to check its progress. We are told, in addition to facts formerly mentioned, that within three years the plague destroyed between three and four millions of animals in Italy, that in France ten million head were sacrificed in the last century, and that in Bavaria and Swabia not a head of horned cattle was left alive. Our small farms, our numerous herds, our crowded population, ever in free communication, too plainly indicate the probability of a like fate impending over us. The deaths already of 40,000 animals in Cheshire, Yorkshire, and the metropolitan district alone, in the first few months of this visitation, are a full warning of what may be in store for us.

Much precious time has already been lost, and more, we fear, may still be lost, before adopting the only remedies which afford the least prospect of relief. All that has already been done has proved a source of great inconvenience and loss, without any corresponding benefit. The irregular and partial stoppage of traffic, and of fairs and markets, which has gone on more or less for the last three or four months, has caused in many districts greater loss and inconvenience than could result from a complete and uniform stoppage of all traffic for a more limited period. That entire suspension of movement is the first remedy which is now before us, and which each week’s delay will render more and more difficult of application; for that remedy and its consequences, which in all probability will be less severely felt than many suppose, the country must be fully prepared.

The Parliament now assembled will assuredly bring the subject very quickly to an issue; and if the Government cannot give satisfactory explanations of the past, or assurances for the future, there will no doubt be found those who can appreciate the duties of a Government, and who are not unwilling to take upon themselves its responsibilities. The Jamaica question may wait for the report of the Commission which has been sent out; Reform might be postponed without any absolutely fatal consequences; but the impending ruin of the country by this awful pestilence will admit of no delay. The operation of the remedy must, it is said, be completed before the end of April, when it will become absolutely necessary to provide for the movement of store cattle. The regulations must be plain; they may be very brief.



No head of cattle shall leave its farm alive; if there be no exception, there will be little difficulty. This point has been admirably expressed in the Report of the Cattle-Plague Commission, as follows:—

It must further be observed—and this is the most important point—that a general prohibition is capable of being thoroughly enforced. The mere presence of a beast on any highway will be sufficient to prove the infraction of the rule. Any plan which, while laying down the general prohibition, admits exceptions in favour of cattle removed to particular places or for particular purposes, must rest upon the ascertainment of facts more or less complicated, to be proved by certificates from local authorities, upon the accuracy of which, experience warns us, little reliance can be placed. The liberty to remove cattle for particular purposes is sure to be extended and abused for other purposes. A man has only to profess an intention in accordance with the law in order, by a little dexterity, to obtain under such a system the utmost facility for violating the law. It will be a long time before the rules are understood, and the period in which they are violated through ignorance will be succeeded by the period in which they are evaded by design. England is probably the worst country in the world for the working of a system of certificates, permits, licenses, and passports; and the temptation to violate the rules will be very great, for the thought that naturally occurs to every one whose herd is attacked is to conceal the existence of the disease until he has got rid of those animals which do not yet show symptoms of its presence.

When the movement of animals has been, as no doubt it must be sooner or later, suspended, the question will arise as to what is to become of sick and infected animals?

To treat the disease with a prospect of cure is hopeless, for no remedy seems to have the slightest curative influence. A few animals, from ten or fifteen per cent., recover, and these are generally those for which least is done—those, in fact, which are left alone. Whilst the sick animals live they are prolific sources of infection, and become each day more and more so as the body becomes a mass of fetid disease. The wiser and more humane course is to destroy all animals suffering from the disease in a virulent form. On the Continent, where the number of animals exposed to the disease still remaining healthy is limited, they too are killed. The value, or nearly the value, of the carcasses is thus secured, whilst the duration of the pestilence in a district is curtailed.

It will be well to consider whether this method of crushing the disease will not be, after all, our best course. The practice will raise the important question of compensation; and if compensation be recognised, from whence are the funds to come? If a farmer's cattle are to be slaughtered when he reports them sick, he will risk the chance of some of them being saved, and will conceal the fact of their being ill. He may be required, under penalties, to report their illness, but still there will be evasion. If, on the other hand, the farmer is to receive even a portion of the value of his stock, he will be ready to secure this, and will hasten to obtain the presence of the inspector. If the healthy stock are slaughtered for the benefit not alone of the farmer, but of his neighbour and of the country, then he has an indisputable claim on his neighbour or the country to share in his loss. The mode in which compensation might be best provided is a question of detail on which we need not here enter.

Almost equal in importance to the suspension of traffic and the destruction of infected herds is the question of obliterating the infection itself, which adheres to everything that has been in relation with infected animals. On this point the simplest and most explicit directions should be issued by the Government; for if all traces of infection be not destroyed, the pestilence will crop up again and again.

Further, we may say that neither Government directions nor Government advice will have much effect unless every farmer in the country feels how great a responsibility rests on him individually in destroying every trace of infection. On landlords, on clergymen, on medical men, on each and every leading man in every parish will devolve the duty of assisting in this important work. Volunteers rushed forward in tens of thousands at the whisper of a foreign foe invading our shores. A bitter and relentless enemy has invaded our land; let us not want volunteers to aid in destroying that enemy as soon as an opportunity is given. The intelligence and energy of the country will be fully called upon if we are determined to bring this calamity to an end.

We have said that in all probability less inconvenience will be felt than is now feared from the temporary suspension of the movement of cattle. The butcher will soon find his way to the bullock, the cattle-jobber will become a carcass-dealer, a better system than is now used for packing meat will be adopted, and railways will find suitable means and times for its conveyance; the public will enjoy more wholesome food, not necessarily dearer; whilst live cattle markets and cattle tortures in travelling will be reduced to a minimum, if not altogether extinguished. These results will be further promoted by markets, slaughter-houses, and lairs being provided for foreign stock at the ports of debarkation. Those who are familiar with the horrors to be seen at the present wharves and landing-places, where the accommodation is far below the requirements, can alone know how great a boon will result from a different system. It would be a source of the utmost satisfaction to be able to look with confidence on the future; but when we learn that, since July last, 130,000 head of cattle have been smitten with the plague, that of these not more than 15,000 are recorded as having recovered from its effects, whilst there are or have been no fewer than 14,000 foci or centres of infection in the country, we see grounds for great anxiety and alarm as to what we may have to suffer before this pestilence leaves us.

## REVIEWS.

### ICELANDIC SAGAS.\*

AT Christmas, when many of the good old customs of our forefathers, both Pagan and Christian, are revived, it was a happy thought of Mr. Dasent to bring out one of those ancient stories by which at Yule time and at other festive gatherings the people of Iceland used to beguile their long evenings, and make merry over the sad fates of Gislí, Víga Glum, Njal, and other heroes. Christmas was the very time for rehearsing or reading those ancient novels; and so essential an element was the Saga at every Northern feast, that even in Christian times, fast-days, or some of the holier of holidays, were described as days on which no Saga must be read. At one time Sagas were to the people of the North everything that we now comprehend under the name of prose literature. History, geography, law, romance, and religion, and even the little philosophy that leavened the Icelandic life, all was comprehended in their Sagas. Saga means literally a saying, a saw, a tradition; and in times when writing was unknown, or at all events was not yet employed for literary purposes, we find what may be called Sagas among most nations, both civilized and barbarous. The stories told by the fathers or grandfathers about any events which they considered worth recording at their village feasts, and more particularly their accounts of great men—great by the strength of their arms, or by their boldness, their cunning, or their wisdom—were repeated everywhere by sons and grandsons, and formed a kind of heirloom to be carefully guarded from loss or accident. But in no country has the Saga assumed so important a position as in Iceland. In other countries, in Greece, in Italy, and even in Continental Germany, the Saga, like the Mythe or the Fabula, or the later Legend, assumed the character of poetical fiction. Among the Scandinavian people, the Saga, though by no means free from exaggerated or even supernatural ingredients, always claimed the character of historical truth. Though the word *Saga* in German is the same as the Scandinavian *Saga*, the meaning of the word is different on the Continent and in the Baltic peninsula. The German *Sage* is a story that may or may not, but generally speaking does not pretend to be true; a Northern Saga prides itself on its truthfulness, and in the mind of its hearers derives one of its principal charms from its minute accuracy. Snorri Sturluson, who wrote his *Heimskringla* at the beginning of the thirteenth century, used the Sagas, and even the poetry of the Skalds, as historical evidence; and in answer to those who might feel suspicious about the panegyric character of some of those compositions, he remarked:—"Whatever is found in the songs of the Skalds about the adventures and habits of the chiefs and their sons, we take to be true; it is the manner of the Skalds to praise him most in whose presence they are. But none would dare to tell a man to his face about his deeds if all who listened knew that they were vain things and inventions, and so, too, he himself; this would be mockery, not praise."

This character of truthfulness in the Sagas, which was so strongly insisted on by the people of Iceland, forms certainly one of the great charms of this kind of literature, and enables us, even at this distance of time, to take a much more vivid interest in the stories of Gislí and Víga Glum than in the romances of Arthur and the Brave Roland. Without pinning one's faith on every incident, one has a feeling that on the whole there were such men and women, there were such dales and granges, such love-making and weddings, such battles and sudden deaths, as we now read in those simple pages. There is a mixture of grandeur and homeliness in these stories, such as we find in real life, but very seldom in mere fiction. We feel, over and over again, that if the writer or the teller of the Saga had been at liberty to shape the fortunes of his principal heroes like the writer of a modern novel, many things would have turned out differently, vice would have been punished and virtue rewarded, according to the standard of that philosophy which, by drawing on its own imagination, finds it so easy to improve on the stern realities of life. If we thought that the story of Gislí was invented, like the story of Penelopy, or Nicholas Nickleby, we doubt whether all the original talent of the Icelandic Saga-tellers, or the vigorous English of their modern translators, would tempt us to read the family squabbles of petty Icelandic farmers, or the accounts of their murders, arson, and other crimes, that are more accessible to modern readers in the pages of Eugène Sue, or in the columns of the *Times*. There is a charm in whatever is old, but there is a greater charm in what is true; and it is only the combination of these two that justifies Mr. Dasent, Sir Edmund Head, and other Scandinavian scholars in their endeavours to enlist our sympathy for the literature of a "small and remote island, the inhabitants of which never exceeded 60,000 in number." It must not be supposed, however, that these Icelandic Sagas, though they may pride themselves on their accuracy and authenticity, are mere police reports. Far from it. Most, if not all, of them have passed through the ordeal of oral tradition which in literature exercises what might be called a kind of natural selection, allowing all the weak and

\* *The Story of Gislí the Outlaw*. From the Icelandic, by George Webbe Dasent, D.C.L. With Illustrations by C. E. St. John Mildmay. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1865.

*Víga Glum's Saga*. Translated from the Icelandic, with Notes and an Introduction by the Right Hon. Sir Edmund Head, Bart. K.C.B. London: Williams & Norgate. 1865.

unimportant elements to subside, and bringing out with greater force all that is really important and striking and deserving of life in the thoughts and expressions of individuals. None of the Sagas, we are told by Snorri Sturluson, were written down before the time of Ari Frodi—i.e. before the beginning of the twelfth century. Whether this be strictly true or not, certain it is that the twelfth and thirteenth centuries represent the time when most of the Sagas which we now possess were committed to paper. New Sagas were composed in the fourteenth century, particularly those that treat of the earliest heroes, the mythic Volsungs and Ynglings. But there can be no doubt that even those which were written down by Ari Frodi and his contemporaries had existed for several generations in a more or less settled form, before they assumed the exact shape in which we possess them. The historical Sagas take their earliest heroes, such as Ragnar Lodbrok, from the eighth and ninth centuries, but most of them refer to events of the tenth and eleventh centuries. Writing may be said to have been almost unknown in Iceland before the introduction of Christianity, 1000 A.D., for the Runes were only used for short inscriptions, and never for longer literary compositions. It took about a century before parchment and ink—which at first were devoted to sacred purposes only, to creeds, prayers, lives of saints, and the like—began to be used by the Icelanders for the preservation of the national traditions of their island and of Norway, the home of their forefathers. Between the death of Gisl, 978 A.D., the death of Viga Glum, 1003 A.D., or the death of Njal, 1011 A.D. (1111 in Mr. Dasent's edition of Njal is a misprint), and the earliest written accounts of the adventures of these heroes, there was sufficient time for this winnowing of oral tradition which allows the rubbish to be blown away, and retains in the basket the good grains only of truth and beauty. Oral tradition achieves exactly that which, for a long time, it was supposed could only be achieved by the masterhand of one poet; it gives purpose and unity to the facts on which it works, and it retains that form of expression which, by repeated experiments, has proved itself the most telling and the most perfect. This is the true secret of the excellence of popular poetry, and so far from rendering the perfection of the Homeric poems more intelligible if we look upon them as the works of one individual poet, we should find it almost impossible to explain how they came to be what they are, unless we allowed that they, like all popular poetry, passed through that struggle for life in which those only survive who deserve to live. Fortunately, no name of any author has been affixed to any of the genuine Sagas; and we may be certain that we possess each in that form in which it most approved itself to the tastes of the people of Iceland, and was sanctioned in some cases by the commendation of those who in their youth had taken part in the events to which they listened in their old age.

Sir Edmund Head has called attention to another point which gives to the prose Sagas of Iceland a peculiar interest in the history of the modern literature of Europe. "Taken altogether," he says, "they are the first prose literature which exists in any modern language spoken by the people." This sounds at first startling, but Sir Edmund has himself removed the obvious, and not very pertinent, objections that might be made against so broad a statement. There were the translations into Anglo-Saxon from the Latin by Alfred; there were likewise Saxon laws, and creeds, and catechisms, and chronicles, long before the beginning of the twelfth century. But all these could hardly be called vernacular literature. In the literature of Germany, too, we meet with translations, prayers, and treatises, written in High-German prose, from the eighth to the twelfth century; nor is there any lack of early national poetry. But we look in vain for any prose works that could be called national. In French, according to Sir Edmund Head, prose writing cannot be said to have begun before the time of Villehardouin (1204) and Joinville; and the latter, though Sir Edmund dates him in 1202, did really not write his *Mémoires* before the beginning of the fourteenth century. "Castilian prose," Sir Edmund continues, "did not commence before the time of Alfonso X. (1252). Don Juan Manuel, the author of the *Conde Lucanor*, was not born till 1282. The *Cronica General de España* was not composed till at least the middle of the thirteenth century; and about the same time the language of Italy was acquiring that strength and softness which were destined to appear so conspicuously in the prose of Boccaccio and the writers of the next century." If we look upon the history of literature as one of the surest tests of the history of civilization, prose writing, which always comes later than poetry, would seem to mark a new period in the general progress of a nation, and we should really be justified in pointing to Iceland as occupying, early in the twelfth century, the most advanced place among the nations of Europe. The only other country which might claim the possession of national prose at that early time is Wales. The Mabinogion may be called Welsh Sagas, and though the Jesus College manuscript in which they have been preserved is ascribed to the fourteenth century, the arguments in favour of their antiquity, at least as far back as the twelfth century, have been well stated by Lady Charlotte Guest. If Sir Edmund Head considers the Mabinogion, and even the earliest among them, those of Kilweh and Olwen, and the Dream of Rhonabwy, as later than the twelfth century, we should have been glad to have had his arguments. The question as to the first appearance of national prose literature among the principal nations of modern Europe is certainly a curious one, and deserves further consideration.

The stories both of Gisl and Viga Glum are short, and they are told so tersely that we could hardly attempt to epitomize them. We do not recollect meeting with a single simile

in either of these Sagas, still less with any painful anatomy of character or gorgeous landscape-painting. All is simple and straightforward, though occasionally the story becomes bewildering by its very simplicity. Sir Edmund Head has done well in appending to his translation some pedigrees of the families to which the principal actors belong, while Mr. Dasent has trusted to the illustrations by which his volume is embellished for impressing on his reader's memory the individual features of Thorkel, Thorgrim, Gisl and his valiant wife. The following extract from the last scenes in the life of Gisl, the outlaw, will give some idea of what the reader may expect in the Sagas of Iceland which were offered him as very seasonable Christmas presents by Mr. Dasent and Sir Edmund Head.

Gisl, the outlaw, after escaping the pursuits of his enemies for fourteen years and a half, is at last brought to bay. Eyjolf, Spy Helgi, and their men have hemmed him in on all sides, and he stands alone, with his wife Auda and their maid Gudrida, determined to sell his life dearly:—

Now Helgi busks him to the work where he saw the likeliest place, and holds in his hand a big axe. Gisl was armed thus; he had in his hand his axe, and he was girt with a sword, and his shield was at his side. He had on a grey cloak, and had bound it round with a rope. Now Helgi takes a run, and rushes up the crags at Gisl. He hurried to meet him, and brandished his sword, and smote him on the loins, and cut him in two at the waist; and each half of the man fell down from the crags, each on its own side. Eyjolf got up in another place, and there Auda met him, and smites him on the arm with her club, so that it lost all strength, and down he topples back again. Then Gisl spoke and said: "Long ago I knew I was well wedded, though I never knew I was so well wedded as I am. But now thou hast yielded me less help than thou thoughtest, though thy meaning was good, for had I got at him, they would both have gone the same path." Then two men go to hold Auda and Gudrida, and think they have quite enough to do. And now twelve men rush at once on Gisl, and try to get up the crags. But he defends himself both with stones and weapons, so that great glory followed his deeds. And now one of Eyjolf's band runs up and calls out to Gisl, "Lay down thy good arms that thou bearest, and give up at the same time Auda, thy wife." "Come and take them, then, like a man," answers Gisl, "for neither the arms I bear nor the wife I love are fit for any one else." That man thrust at Gisl with a spear, but Gisl smote off the spear-head from the shaft with his axe, and the blow was so stout that the axe passed on to the rock, and one horn of the edge broke off. Then he throws away the axe, and clutches his sword and fights with it, and shields himself with his shield. They attack him bravely, but he kept them off like a man, and now they are hard upon each other. In that bout Gisl slew two men, and now four in all have fallen. Still Eyjolf bade them fall on like men. "We are getting the worst of it, but that would be worth little thought if we could only make a good end of our business."

Just then, when they were least aware, Gisl whisked about and leaps up on a crag that stands alone there, and is called Oneman's Crag. So he got away from the cliffs, and then he turned at bay and fought. This took them quite by surprise, and now they think that affairs are in a worse way than ever—four men dead, and all the rest weary and wounded. And now there is a break in the onslaught. When they had taken breath, Eyjolf eggs on his men warily, and gives his word to get them many fair things, if they will only get at Gisl. It must be owned that Eyjolf had with him picked men both in valour and hardihood. It was a man named Sween that first was ready to attack Gisl, but Gisl smites at him and cleaves him to the chine, and hurls him down from the crag. And now they think they can never tell when this man's man-slaying will stop. Then Gisl called out to Eyjolf: "I wish to make those three hundreds in silver which thou hast taken as the price of my head as dear-bought as I can. And I rather think thou wouldst give other three hundreds in silver that we had never met, for thou wilt only take disgrace in return for your loss of life." Now they take counsel, and no one is willing to turn back for his life's sake. So they fall on him from two sides, and two men are foremost in following Eyjolf, whose names are Thorir and Thord, kinsmen of Eyjolf. They were very great swordsmen, and their onslaught was both hard and hot; and now they gave him some wounds with spear-thrusts, but he still fought on with great stoutness and bravery, and they got such knocks from him, both with stones and strokes, that there was not one of them without a wound that came nigh him, for Gisl was not a man to miss his mark. Now Eyjolf and his kinsmen press on hard, for they felt that their fame and honour lay on it. Then they thrust at him with spears, so that his entrails fall out; but he swept up the entrails with his shirt, and bound the rope round the wound. Then Gisl called out, and said they had better wait awhile: "Ye will soon have the end for which ye long." Then he chaunted—

"Wife so fair, so never failing,  
So truly loved, so sorely cross'd;  
Thou wilt often miss me wailing,  
Thou wilt weep thy hero lost.  
But my soul is stout as ever;  
Swords may bite, I feel no smart;  
Father! better heirloom never  
Owned thy son than hardly heart."

That was Gisl's last song, and as soon as ever he had sung it he rushes down from the crag and smites Thorir, Eyjolf's kinsman, on the head, and cleaves him down to the belt, but Gisl fell down on his body and breathed his last.

#### THE BELTON ESTATE.\*

WHAT would people say to the pretensions of a painter who year after year should continue to paint exactly the same subject, with only a trifling variation in the costume of the figures or in the tints of the clouds? What should we think of a sculptor who, having carved a tolerably successful group, should spend all the rest of his days in repeating his work again and again? or of a dramatist who should make the action of all his plays lead up to precisely the same central situation, and develop itself in precisely the same conclusion? or of a musician, all of whose compositions were simply frivolous variations of a single melody? In these arts, wearisome and meaningless iteration of this kind would speedily ruin the perpetrator of it in the public esteem. That the same result does not ensue upon similar itera-

\* *The Belton Estate*. By Anthony Trollope. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1866.



tion in novel-writing only shows that novel-writing has not yet been recognised in its true position, as one of the loftiest and most capacious of all the arts. Suppose Sir Edwin Landseer were to paint a donkey between two bundles of hay. Everybody would be delighted. Suppose, however, that to the next Exhibition, and to the next after that, he again sent two other donkeys between two other couples of bundles of hay. His warmest admirers would be disgusted. Yet is it less insufferably tiresome and absurd that Mr. Trollope should continue, in one novel after another, to represent simply a lady in a dilemma between two lovers? Nobody can find fault with an artist who, when he discovers that he is most successful in the treatment of one class of subjects, sticks consistently to them. But it is not merely the class of subjects that Mr. Trollope refuses to leave. It is a single subject. Finding that he is most at home in the feelings of young and middle-aged ladies, he is quite right to confine himself within this somewhat barren field. But he is determined, apparently, only to represent these feelings, in which he is so wonderfully at home, under one set of conditions. The expression of the donkey's eye may vary a little, the colour of its coat may not be the same by a shade or two, the two bundles of hay may be set in a different light, and the background and sky may be new. But this does not reconcile us to the monotonous identity of subject and situation. Within the last twelve months no fewer than three novels from Mr. Trollope have been completed and published. In the first, we had a minute analysis of the way in which a middle-aged lady with eight hundred pounds a year might be puzzled to choose a lover out of a set of suitors including a vulgar dealer in oil-cloth who wore yellow gloves and put too much pomatum on his hair, a greedy Evangelical curate who squinted, and a widower of fifty with nine children. In number two, we had another minute analysis of the way in which another lady, not middle-aged, but young, might be puzzled to choose between a violent, ambitious cousin, whom she thought she liked but did not, and a quiet gentleman whom she thought she did not like when in truth she did like him. The conscientious reader made himself master of both these situations. He carefully followed his skilful leader through the intricate maze of female feelings in both cases, and imagined that the subject was exhausted. The vacillations of Miss Mackenzie and Alice Vavasor seemed to the plain man to be so amply discussed that nothing more, at least for a few years to come, was left to be said about vacillations. But while the plain man is thus refreshing himself after his toilsome pursuit of these two heroines in their arduous efforts to know their own minds, he is suddenly whisked off to behold a third set of vacillations, and to follow a third lady in the chase after her own mind. In number three, the heroine is not middle-aged, and not young, and she has no fortune; and, of the two lovers, one is a slow, cold, undecided member of Parliament, while the other is a hot, generous, self-willed Norfolk bumpkin. Just as, in number two, the heroine first jilted the true-hearted lover because she thought she liked the false one better, so, in number three, she rejects the warm suitor because she is in love with the cold one. In each case the lady discovers her mistake, wishes she could repair it, wondering, vacillating, resolving, and vacillating again; eventually throws the wrong man over; and, after more wondering and vacillating and resolving, is induced to take up with the right man. The description of the dilemma of Alice Vavasor does just as well for the dilemma of Clara Amedroz. Each has exactly the same unpleasant interview with the lover whom she throws over, and each goes through exactly the same lady-like penitence and gentle remorse before making things up with the other. Mr. Trollope may justly ask a grumbling reader how he can be so monstrously unreasonable as to expect a novelist who does his three novels within the year to invent a fresh plot for each. The remonstrance is just. Such fertility is not in nature. Only why should the novelist "do" his three novels a year? Of course, if Mr. Trollope only looks upon his art as a manufacture, there can be no reason why he should not take as just a pride in turning so many novels out of his brain in the twelvemonth as a machine-maker takes in turning so many locomotives or looms out of his shed. Besides, if the plots and situations of one novel are to serve almost unaltered for all the rest, we do not see why Mr. Trollope should not "do" thirty as readily and as satisfactorily as three. If you are simply working from a stereotype, the more or less in the number of impressions is quite immaterial. Only on this principle the praise and pudding awarded to Mr. Trollope are about as justly earned as the thirty shillings which a labourer receives for having the largest family in the parish.

An American philosopher has said that, if you want to be quite sure of giving your friend a dinner perfectly dressed and served, your best plan is to have it rehearsed every day for six months beforehand. This seems to be the doctrine on which Mr. Trollope is now working. He perhaps hopes that, by the time he has written a few score novels on one theme, he will at length be able to write one that people will care to read a generation hence. Unfortunately for his theory, the philosophic precept which is good in cookery does not apply to art. Constant repetition of the same subject is the surest way of making the artist's last state worse than his first. He loses all freshness and interest and vivacity, and grows at each repetition heavier and more mechanical. It is not at all surprising therefore to find that, in the *Belton Estate*, though we have the usual set of people going through the usual set of love-makings and jiltings, everything has grown duller and fainter than it was at the commencement of the author's yearly campaign. The dialogue is not spontaneous and natural, as Mr.

Trollope's dialogue is commonly, if it is also commonly too flat. Even in the friendly chat between Clara and Mrs. Askerton, the writing is comparatively stiff and forced. Considering the number of hours which Mr. Trollope must have spent every day for some years in writing out friendly chats between ladies, who can wonder if he at length finds that they rather pall upon him? There is something awful, when one reflects on the average duration of life, in the thought of the hours that have been spent by the author and his readers during the last twelve months upon these Trollopian dialogues. First, we had Miss Mackenzie arguing with Miss Todd and others whether she should marry John Ball or Mr. Maguire or Mr. Rubb. Then, we had Alice Vavasor arguing with her aunt and her cousin and two or three other ladies whether she should marry John Grey or her cousin George. And, now, we have Clara Amedroz discussing with her aunt and other ladies about marrying Captain Aylmer. Three sets of dialogues on the self-same subject may well grow rather dull towards the end. And occasionally Mr. Trollope, with pardonable weariness, forgets the consistency of his characters. Captain Aylmer, for instance, is supposed to be a particularly polished and well-bred man, though very slow-blooded. This does not, however, prevent him from saying elegantly, in the presence of his sulky and uncouth rival whom he had never seen before, and before Clara Amedroz, "To use a phrase common with us down in Yorkshire, I should say that Mr. Belton had got out of bed the wrong side this morning." "What the d— does it matter to you, sir, what side I got out of bed?" is the reply. The whole of this scene is in keeping, and it may perhaps be pronounced the only really foolish scene that Mr. Trollope ever drew in his life. He is frequently dull, but he has never before been forced and artificial, as he is here. The writing throughout, however, is weak, and without backbone. A poor crippled lady is said to be "one of those whose lot in life drives us to marvel at the inequalities of human destiny, and to inquire curiously within ourselves whether future compensation is to be given." Impotency of phrase could scarcely go further. The book contains a thousand sentences of the same stamp. Mr. Trollope's admirers sometimes cry out that his style is so easy and limpid. In the present instance, it would be less truly described as limpid than as limp. Occasionally one has even, we are told, downright bad grammar to complain of. A lover "may order almost any course of reading—providing that he supply the books." What is the construction of "providing"? What can be more slovenly than to talk of "a man in relation to his intimate female relatives"? In another place, Mr. Trollope, by way of illustrating a truism, says that "the fruit that falls easily from the tree, though it is ever the best, is never valued by the gardener. Let him have well-nigh broken his neck in gathering it unripe and crude from the small topmost boughs of the branching tree, and the pippin will be esteemed by him as invaluable." Surely such nonsense never was written before. In order to enforce the pretty obvious truth that people value a thing all the more if they have had some difficulty in obtaining it, the author adds the exceedingly obvious piece of untruth, that a gardener will "esteem as invaluable" an unripe sour pippin, while he "never values" any fruit that falls ripely and easily. Mr. Trollope must have found gardeners a curiously imbecile set of folk.

People who have nothing better to do may exercise the critical faculty in discovering fine points of contrast between Clara Amedroz and Alice Vavasor, and all the rest of the young ladies whose troubles and perplexities Mr. Trollope has exhibited minutely before us, and in discussing the various degrees of skill with which the author develops his various characters. The truth is that he shows his skill and his truthfulness to life by making his young ladies as like one another as they can be. The young ladies one meets in society present none of these fine points of contrast, but belong pretty universally to one monotonous type. We are unable to discern how Clara Amedroz in any way stands out of her class. She appears to dress, talk, write letters, and dally with her lovers just as any spirited young lady would do in real life. The author never intends her to be anything else. She is never meant to stand out of her class, or to be a "creation," any more than a young lady in one of Mr. Frith's paintings is meant to be a creation. And as for any talk about the development of her character by circumstances, it is surely a useless application of fine critical language to the most ordinary situation in the world. Clara Amedroz was an exceedingly commonplace girl when she first fell in love with Captain Aylmer, and we leave her a still more exceedingly commonplace matron after she has married Will Belton. This, we are quite sure, will be taken for no disparagement by the author himself, but for a proof that he has succeeded in his aim. For Mr. Trollope consistently avoids people of heroic stature. His nearest approach to a hero is somebody who gives somebody else a black eye by way of vindicating the cause of virtue and honour, or else a rude uncontrollable bumpkin like Will Belton. The world is made up of commonplace, and it is his principle to stand by what is real, leaving the airy paths of imagination to be trodden by those superfine romancers for whom this world is not good enough.

Still, admirable as the principle of realism in art may be, it is well worth considering whether there is not such a thing as a realism that is sordid and pitiful. Mr. Rubb, with his hands in staring yellow gloves, and his hair dripping with coarse bear's-grease, and his mind overburdened with an insolvent oil-cloth business, was a thoroughly well-drawn character. But what is gained by the careful portraiture of the meanest and most sordid set of human traits? Mr. Trollope may say that such things are, and that therefore they are the fit subjects of art. If a sculptor

or a painter were to present us with one of these vulgar, smug, dull-eyed wretches, drawn exactly from the life as Mr. Trollope draws them, without so much as a hair of the creature's head idealized, people would see through the grossness of the fallacy. It is because readers and critics so seldom look upon prose fiction as a great art, with its own canons, that these photographs of what is meant in life, without beauty or grace, without idea, without the faintest shade of significance, are allowed to pass muster. One cannot image anything much more pitiful than the last two pages of the *Belton Estate*. The hero and heroine have retired to rest, after entertaining Captain Aylmer, the defeated rival, and his bride. Clara, having secured Will Belton, might have been expected to display a decent magnanimity towards the lady who had taken the gentleman she had herself cast off. Mr. Trollope takes a different view. His heroine is an ordinary mortal, so she at once insists with her lord that Captain Aylmer's wife has a red nose. "Don't you think she is very plain?" she continues. Then comes the unfortunate guest's age. "If she's not over forty, I'll consent to change noses with her." Another word or two of equal grace and delicacy, and then the climax. "Will Belton was never good for much conversation at this hour, and was too fast asleep to make any rejoinder." The heroine protesting that her old lover's wife is plain and over forty and has a horrid red nose, and the hero meanwhile turning his gigantic back and snoring—there we leave them. O sublime picture! This is what a crude half-considered notion of realism comes to.

#### DYER'S HISTORY OF THE CITY OF ROME.\*

MR. DYER'S thorough command of the topography of ancient Rome has been established by his article "Roma" in Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography*. In his recent volume we find him approaching the same theme from an historical rather than a topographical point of view. He has with this aim recast much of his former materials; and he has also accumulated a good deal of matter which is either new in itself or was excluded by the more limited scope of his previous survey. He has thus been able to connect the growth of the city, its structures and monuments, more directly with the political and social events of each successive period, as well as to bring down the history of their culmination and decay to a point nearer to that stage in which we now muse upon their bygone splendour.

In his Introduction, Mr. Dyer brings forward some able critical arguments in defence of the general trustworthiness of much of the early annals of Rome. After all the efforts of the sceptical school, there certainly remain solid monuments of the very first age which cannot be explained away like the record of a law or a treaty. Whatever may become, in ruthlessly critical hands, of the political history of early Rome, the city of Rome has, like Thebes or Karnak, a history of its own, written in characters of stone and marble. There is little motive, as Mr. Dyer argues, to falsify the origin or date of public monuments and buildings; nor can we easily be made to believe that a nation which had arrived at the pitch of development implied in such works as the Tullianum, the Cloaca Maxima, and the Servian Wall could in a few years have utterly forgotten all the acts—nay, even the very names—of the rulers who had executed them. In the general argument thus stated there is certainly much that is plausible *à priori*. And we are quite prepared to concur with Mr. Dyer, so far at least as to recognise the importance of making the stones themselves the evidence of their origin. There can be little harm, moreover, in acquiescing in the voice of tradition when it assigns such or such a work to Servius or Ancus, or to one or other of the Tarquins. But beyond this there are few details of positive history to be extracted from these relics. They are invaluable landmarks for determining a period, but, in the utter absence of inscriptions, they are far from yielding up even the amount of information that lurks in the monuments of Egypt. They leave undiminished—nay, they even augment—the difficulty which we find in reducing the mass of legend and fable to anything like positive truth. Nothing can more forcibly show the utter hopelessness of the attempt to discriminate between the fabulous and the true, in the early annals of Rome, than Mr. Dyer's own mode of dealing with the ancient lore of the city. He would have done better, in our opinion, had he restricted himself more guardedly to the study of the actual memorials that exist, and trusted to those signs of antiquity, scanty as they may be, which have a meaning of their own to the eye of a scientific observer. What is the use of dragging us once more through all the old slough of myth and fable that covers the first foundation of the city? Why should he gravely refresh our memories with the nursery rubbish of Hercules and Evander, Æneas and Lavinia, and "Rome," the Trojan foundress of the city? Could he not have passed over the twins and the wolf, the fig-tree and the hut of Romulus, or the loves of Numa and Egeria, and gone straight to those lessons which are to be read in the styles, and even in the materials, of the remains which stand before our eyes? It is in such points of construction and design that we can hope to trace, far more truly than in oral or even written records, what little we are destined to know of the period or origin of the earliest edifices of the city.

Writing as an antiquary rather than an architect, Mr. Dyer has not, we think, adequately seized these distinctions of structure. Neither, again, does he sufficiently exercise that critical

discrimination which is required to raise the archaeologist into the philosophical historian. In his summary of the tales concerning the foundation of Rome and its relation to the other cities of the Latin stock, he is not yet on his own ground. He seems to have made no acquaintance with Mommsen's broad and scholar-like treatment of the *origines* of the city, or with that historian's suggestive remarks upon the influence of Etruria and Greece upon the native developments of art. Else, instead of throwing us back upon the childish prattle of Livy or the absurd etymologies of Nonius and Varro, he might at least, from the foothold of historical and artistic criticism, have given us a hand out of the sea of fable, and let us feel the solid ground of fact beneath our feet.

If we look to the evidence of the monuments themselves, we are able to distinguish two great periods in the architecture of Rome. Under the Kings, that architecture was Etruscan. Towards the time of the Empire, it became Greek. During the intervening period, till quite the close of the Republic, little or nothing was effected for art. In the absence of more positive knowledge as to the names of their builders, or the dates of their erection, than we possess in the vague notices of writers living centuries after them, their mode of construction, together with the materials used in them, will make these facts clear. The Etruscans were engineers rather than architects. Their works were designed for the purposes of public defence or utility far more than for those of ornament or artistic display. And what enables us to identify their builders as a class, whatever may be made of individual names, is the uniform system of construction pervading the whole. The masonry of all the monuments that remain is identical with that of the extant tombs and mural works of the cities of Etruria. The stone is either volcanic tufo or travertino, in blocks of a uniform size, a double cube of two Roman feet, exquisitely wrought, laid without cement in the manner styled by Vitruvius *isodomum*—that is, end to end in one course, and side by side in the next. In this mode are built the Servian walls, the Cloaca Maxima, the Palæstrum Littus, or wharf wall by the river side, and the Mamertine Prison. Nothing can more emphatically attest the skill of the Etruscan engineers than the arch which separates the upper chamber of this prison from the Tullianum or well-chamber beneath, hewn out in the solid tufo, the spring in which doubtless welled up ages before the imprisonment of St. Peter. As a feat of masonic construction, the flatness of this arch enables it to vie with that singular chord of stone between the towers of Lincoln Cathedral which speaks for the skill of our mediæval builders. The same style was observed in the few works undertaken during the Republic, as we see in what remains of the Tabularium, which, before its upper portion was rebuilt by Catulus, seems to have been called the *Ærarium*. The Peribolus wall of Mars Ultor, wholly different in style and material from Augustus' temple, proclaims itself to belong to the same early period. Of this magnificent wall, eighty feet in height, portions are to be traced to the extent of three or four hundred feet. Its semi-circular arch, slightly "skew," forms a splendid characteristic of the style. Brick construction was not wholly laid aside, though probably reserved by degrees for buildings of a private or inferior kind. In the original temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, terra cotta was used, after the Etruscan fashion, for the coloured image of the god within, and on the acroterium, as well as for the quadriga, if not for portions of the temple itself. The *epistylum* or architrave was of wood.

Towards the end of the Republic the national taste began to set in the direction of Greece, and not only were Greek architects called in to reproduce their native types, but Greek and other transmarine materials were largely introduced. The first marble temple was that erected in the Campus Martius, B.C. 143, under Q. Metellus, the conqueror of Macedonia. It was most probably the work of the architect Hermodorus from the Cyprian Salamis, who also restored for Metellus the Roman docks and built the Temple of Jupiter Stator, besides a temple to Mars in the Flaminian circus. The first private house adorned with marble pillars was that of the orator Lucius Crassus, on the Palatine, B.C. 91. The native quarries of Carrara (Lunæ) not being yet in operation, marble from Hymettus (Cipollin), Pentelicus, or Paros was largely used. Granite and other materials came from Egypt and the East, not only in the rough state, but in the shape of columns and other portions from existing buildings. The great Temple of Jupiter on the Capitol was embellished by Sulla with the columns of the Temple of Zeus at Athens. The lavish use of costly materials of this kind by Augustus bore out the well-known boast of that monarch that he found Rome brick and left it marble. The magnificent blocks—twenty-five feet in length, four feet wide, and two feet thick—disinterred by Canina, which form the upper door-step of the Temple of Concord to the north of the Forum, are evidently from a foreign source. So are the huge blocks which make up the unrivalled cornice of that temple, nobler in dimensions and even bolder in style than that assigned of old to Jupiter Stator, and at present to Castor and Pollux. This Temple of Concord is stated by Suetonius to have been erected by Tiberius. It was that the ruins of which Poggio pathetically tells us he saw, in the fifteenth century, reduced to lime. It was probably a reconstruction of that dedicated by Opimius B.C. 131, in which Cicero delivered his orations against Catiline, and which in turn stood on the site of one executed by Cn. Flavius, B.C. 305. It is not to be confounded with the original fane dedicated by Camillus B.C. 367, which, as Mr. Dyer correctly remarks, stood on the *arx* of the Capitol, nor with that erected by Livina, the daughter of Augustus, which stood in the Forum of that Emperor. A

\* *A History of the City of Rome, its Structures and Monuments, from its Foundation to the End of the Middle Ages.* By Thomas H. Dyer, LL.D. London: Longmans & Co. 1865.



special class of buildings, in which the round cell peculiar to Etruscan worship was blended with the decorative features of Grecian architecture, is illustrated in the numerous temples erected to Vesta, and above all in the magnificent Pantheon of Agrippa. Here the singularly high pediment, together with the tripartite division that may be traced in the distribution of the portico prefixed to the rotunda, speak strongly of Etruscan ideas and rites.

It is mainly to the special study of sites and monuments on the spot that we owe such additions to our knowledge as have been made since the publication of Mr. Dyer's previous dissertation. The most important of these discoveries was the result of excavations made upon the Palatine Hill by order of the Emperor of the French, who has purchased from the ex-King of Naples that portion of it which comprises the Farnese Gardens. A certain depression or *intermontium* was found to have originally traversed the hill from north to south, dividing it like the Capitol, though not so strikingly, into two distinct eminences. From this fact Signor Rosa has been led to form the inference, in which he is followed by Mr. Dyer, that the primitive city of Romulus occupied only the western portion of the hill. The extent of the Palatine settlement or Roma Quadrata would thus be reduced from thirty acres to something less than ten—a limited space truly wherein to bestow the 3,000 foot and 300 horse who, according to Dionysius, formed the military array of the founder. It would, moreover, be no slight feat for a ploughman to carry his furrow, as we are to suppose Romulus to have done, up the steep acclivity at this point. We are nevertheless disposed to acquiesce in the arguments by which Mr. Dyer supports Signor Rosa's theory. We further think with him that the learned Italian is correct in assigning the name of Velia to the eastern half. But when Signor Rosa goes on to identify the whole western half of the hill with the Germalus or Cermalus of Tacitus and Varro, we confess, with Mr. Dyer, our inability to follow him. What place is left for the original *Palatium*? We are expressly told by Varro that the Velia and Germalus were annexed to the Palatium. It seems to us far more likely that the name of Germalus properly belonged to the north-western slope of the hill towards the Forum Boarium, though not so far as the *Vicus Tuscus*, whither Mommsen wishes to carry it. The name of "Palatine" came in time to be extended to all three divisions of the hill, just as the two distinct projections or spurs of the hill suburb *Æsquiliæ* (*ex-gulia*, "out-buildings," like *in-gulius* from *colere*), called Oppius and Cispius, were included at length in the common name of Mons *Æsquilius*. The short tracing by Tacitus of the line of the *Pomœrium* entirely favours this view, as does the discovery of the sites of the Porta Vetus Palatii, or Porta Mugionis, on the Summa Nova Via, and that of the Porta Romanula on the western side of the hill at the foot of the Clivus Victoriae. A third gate, M. Ampère and Mr. Dyer are of opinion, existed, towards the Circus Maximus. If so, it can be no other than the *Scalæ Caci*, the *καλὴ ἀκρὶς* of Plutarch.

When we get among authentic—that is, contemporary—authors, the narrative of the growth and glories of the city is traced by Mr. Dyer with a degree of fulness and precision that leaves little to be desired. He has carefully studied the difficult question of the topography of the Forum and Capitol, and has corrected in some points his previous arrangement of the throng of perplexing edifices. His map is unfortunately on too small a scale to exhibit this arrangement with a precision at all adequate to his description. The true position of Jupiter Tonans for instance, the Hundred Steps, the lesser Temple of Concord, and other buildings on the Clivus Capitolinus, are left indeterminate; though, with all recent authorities, he refers to Vespasian and Titus the three graceful columns formerly assigned to Tonans. The latter temple doubtless stood upon the site indicated by Canina, on the slope behind the Schola Xantha. Mr. Dyer, we perceive, wholly passes over the portico of the twelve *Dei Consentes* above that school, of which eight or nine columns have been recovered and re-erected *in situ* by Canina. But, on the whole, his delineation of the city and of its history is truly admirable; while in his later sections he has poured a flood of wholly new light upon the downward fortunes of the mistress of the world. It was by no means to barbarian violence, as he incontestably proves, that the destruction of the city is for the most part due, but to the foes of her own household—the fury of the Christian rulers and priesthood against the monuments of Paganism, the cupidity of later builders, and the strife of rival families and factions. Positive edicts for the destruction or conversion of heathen temples are met with early in the fifth century. No extracts can give any adequate idea of the richness and accuracy of the materials accumulated by Mr. Dyer in this portion of his book. We should wish to notice in particular such new and interesting features as his account of the school or colony founded by Ina, King of Wessex, about the year 727, for Anglo-Saxon students, and further endowed with the *Romescot* by Offa, King of Mercia, in 794. It embraced a considerable district on the right bank of the Tiber, on part of which now stands the Hospital of St. Spirito, founded by Pope Innocent III. It disappeared between the ninth and eleventh centuries, as did also the "schools" of the Franks, Frisians, Lombards, Greeks, and even Jews, which, however, appear to have been mere foreign settlements, apart from any purpose of education. But we have no space for more. We can but add our general impression of the value of Mr. Dyer's volume, as being by far the most complete and authentic work upon the great subject of which it treats.

#### THE FALL FROM HEAVEN.\*

THIS book, if its theories were true, would completely upset all received systems of geology and history; from which some rash persons may infer that the theories are false. Perhaps, when they examine into the proofs by which the Baron de Colonge supports his statements, they may change their minds. It has hitherto been generally imagined by geologists that the great causes which have modified the face of the globe were of terrestrial origin. Nothing can be more false. If we examine ancient tradition, or the antiquities of France or Egypt, or the geological features of the earth itself, we shall attribute the change to very different causes. The testimony of tradition may be inferred from certain figures upon an ancient Etruscan vase, which has struck M. de Colonge so forcibly that he engraves it twice over. Atlas is represented supporting a globe—not the world, according to the foolish tradition of the Greeks, but some body foreign to our system. Upon the globe are two stars and a crescent. A woman is examining their phases. Another woman and a man are looking at two serpents coiling round a tree. The explanation of these symbols must be plain to the meanest comprehension. The two stars and the crescent are certain planetary bodies which somehow became entangled with the earth. Two of them contrived subsequently to free themselves, and have dispersed nobody knows where. The third has become our moon. Whilst they were in our immediate neighbourhood these bodies caused a deal of confusion. Besides showers of stones, they let down living animals of ghastly and preternatural shapes, which are aptly symbolized by the serpents. That the serpents were still complete strangers appears from the circumstance that the man, though evidently looking at them in some surprise, has no arms in his hands. This interpretation is strikingly confirmed by the millions of gigantic animals that have been discovered in a fossil state. There is no proof that such brutes as mammoths, mastodons, ichthyosaurs, and other detestable monsters could ever have picked up a decent living in this world; it seems more reasonable to suppose, for example, that a few frozen mammoths tumbled out of the sky into the Polar regions, where they still remain. We need not say that M. de Colonge utterly repudiates the theory expounded in the *Plurality of Worlds*, and holds firmly that the planets contain a population not unlike our own. This accounts for the supposed rain of mammoths—a phenomenon which, as he remarks, is not without its parallel in our own day in an occasional rain of frogs. Observations of the earth's surface strikingly confirm this theory. It is covered in every direction with debris of which we are unable to trace the origin. The monuments of Egypt are covered with huge accumulations of sand, and M. de Colonge calculates that the old surface of France is buried to an average depth of at least 100 feet. What are the mountains? Nothing but incoherent heaps of stones, heaped together in a chaotic manner, as might be expected in masses of rubbish shot out of the sky. What are those long lines of stones which geologists trace across continents, and rashly attribute to the former action of glaciers or of ocean currents bearing icebergs? Evidently they mark the line where some gigantic aerolite has struck the earth in former ages. We may confirm this by another of those precious truths which have come down to us embalmed in tradition. Who were the Argonauts, and of what were they really in search? The golden fleece was in all probability nothing else than scattered remains of the luminous matter detached from the moon, or from one of the asteroids that gave us so much trouble. It was a characteristic folly of Greek heroes (M. de Colonge has a particular contempt for the Greeks) to run after the moon, and brag about their prowess to posterity. We now see the meaning of those long rows of erratic blocks which stretch across the Northern plains; they are simply fragments of the tail of the fleece. Glaciers, says M. de Colonge, would be no more capable of transporting them than a few Alpine mules of carrying the whole artillery of a modern army.

It will be observed that M. de Colonge makes very liberal use of tradition, to which his experience has led him to attach a considerable degree of historical value. The difficulty will naturally occur, that the fall from heaven of a whole planet must have rather tended to confuse people's intellects and disturb the continuity of history. But it is the merit of a true theory that every apparent difficulty turns out ultimately to be a confirmation. The legends are, indeed, confused; but confused only to the degree we should expect. The thread becomes tangled, but is never broken. Thus, we know that Saturn was formerly a sovereign in the East, where he caused towns and castles to be fortified; or, says M. de Colonge, this may possibly apply to his successors, "for all dates here become uncertain." It is clear that M. de Colonge does not allow himself to be carried too far by an uncritical enthusiasm. We should presume to doubt, however, whether he is not a little over-confident in identifying his Fall from heaven with the deluge of Deucalion, and therefore fixing it at three hundred years before the siege of Troy. It still remains to be explained how the traditions have been preserved. To clear up this, M. de Colonge becomes exceedingly eloquent upon matters of which we have sometimes heard before. The marvels of Egypt; the gigantic buildings to which the resources of modern engineering would be inadequate; the extraordinary mines which are to be found in Elba; the wonderful Druidical remains which abound in France; the edifices of which some have been, and more certainly

\* *La Chute du Ciel*. Par le Baron d'Espiard de Colonge. Paris: Dentu. 1865.

will be, discovered in the forests of Central America; and, more than all, that most marvellous collection of antiquities which still remains buried at a depth of a hundred feet below the surface of the ground—all continue to demonstrate the previous existence of a race of high civilization; probably, indeed, of a civilization superior to the present. For, if these strange beings did not know of the printing-press, railways, or electric telegraph, they at least knew how to command and regulate "magnetic forces, the spirit of life which is the first power in the world." Without speaking of their hieroglyphics, and without launching into those matters where history has become somewhat vague, it is sufficient to say that they were in possession of the secret of aerial locomotion. This magnificent race, living amongst inferior populations, were naturally described by them as gods or fairies, and by similar superstitious names. We have vague recollections of them in traditions about Merlin, and others not at all vague, but in some respects not quite trustworthy, in the histories of Uranus, Saturn, Jupiter, Juno, Ceres, Proserpine, &c. &c., who were all real men and women, and whose empire included not merely the greater part of Europe, the north of Africa, Egypt, and the country up to the Euphrates, but also the unlucky district of Atlantis, which was fairly knocked to the bottom of the ocean in the "almighty smash" which took place. The stationary and imperfect knowledge of the Oriental races was all derived from these people, or from a few of them, who, after surviving the storm, crept out from various crannies in the rocks, or from the caves apparently constructed as refuges below the pyramids, and gave the benefit of their instructions to these poor creatures. We do not quite understand whether a few Orientals had likewise managed to escape from the slaughter, or whether they were an inferior race who had been knocked off one of the colliding planets. M. de Colonge makes some very unpleasant suggestions with regard to the visitants which may possibly be received from these wandering worlds. We appear, for some time after our contact with them, to have been overrun by a set of "sublunary demons," to whom M. de Colonge gives very unpleasant names, calling them unclean beasts, contrary to nature. They were made use of by the superior race, but appear to have obtained a certain degree of influence, which they used for purposes which M. de Colonge may well call *funestes*, being nothing less than the destruction of all monumental history. In this diabolical design they succeeded so well that it is even now doubtful whether they or their masters ever existed. We much regret to be compelled to add that even in so respectable a planet as Jupiter there are beings of very doubtful character. The fact is, that Jupiter keeps too many moons; no planet can indulge in four satellites without the risk of occasional contamination. It has, doubtless, been infected at some time or other with the peculiar parasites of each of the subsidiary worlds; it must, therefore, be inhabited by "demons, monstrous animals, indescribable monstrosities," who are infinitely more colossal than any we can have in this world. And this is the final cause of those bands which are visible in Jupiter's surface; they are simply fixed divisions, like those in a menagerie, between the dangerous and the innocuous inhabitants. Whether Orientals have, in a similar way, derived their origin from some satellite or comet which has rubbed shoulders against us does not exactly appear. M. de Colonge, at any rate, divides all mankind into two classes—the white race, and the Orientals, between whom there is a great gulf fixed. All knowledge, wisdom, and science belong exclusively to the white race; the Orientals are at best a brilliant parody of humanity. It becomes, therefore, rather interesting to identify this white race, who were gods before the great catastrophe, and who are now recovering from the blow, nearly regaining their pristine knowledge. The solution of the problem cannot be doubtful. The European race in general has a monopoly of cultivation, and amongst the European race "it is, above all, to the Celtic race that we must principally do honour." Druids possessed all the wisdom of former days, built the pyramids and the sphinx, and the menhirs, and the Mexican temples, and everything else that was at all remarkable. They were decimated by that unlucky planet, and have died out in some parts of the world; but in France they are again displaying their old pre-eminence. What M. de Colonge thinks of the Teutonic races does not appear; he probably would admit their claim to be a kind of poor relations; but of the Greeks, Romans, and Jews he speaks with the utmost contempt. At the very best, they picked up a few crumbs from our tables. It is time we should turn from the study of Greek to the study of Druidical remains. As for the Romans, they learnt all they knew when they came to Gaul; and Italy still notoriously depends upon France for such prosperity and knowledge as it enjoys. Thus M. de Colonge comes to the gratifying conclusion that Frenchmen not only now are, but always have been, through countless ages, the sole sources of intellectual light in this world; the collision with an impertinent planet merely caused an interregnum in their indisputable supremacy. One unpleasant impression remains in our minds after our study. The world is manifestly an unsafe place of residence; we may be all knocked into chaos any day by the first accidental planet that we meet. The earth is unsafe, he admits, "Mais où aller?" We regret to say that the only answer he can give is contained in the words, "Eh, qu'importe?" Our only hope is that, having survived Dr. Cumming, we may possibly not fall before the predictions of M. de Colonge.

Every word of the above theory is true, or, if not, M. de Colonge does not understand what he is talking about. In this case—for it is well to be prepared for the truth of every hypothesis,

however improbable—his book should repose on the same shelf with that of the gentleman who discovered that the world was hollow, with two planets, Pluto and Proserpine, revolving inside, and proposed a Government expedition to the North Pole to look down a hole which leads from thence to the internal cavity. The two theories would combine very pleasantly, for it would be very convenient to be able to get inside, in case of a collision; but even if an obstinate public should reject both, they would be a very pretty pair of specimens, illustrating the effect of a little superficial knowledge upon an empty mind.

#### DOCUMENTS IN THE ARCHIVES AND PUBLIC LIBRARIES OF VENICE.\*

OF all the Reports which have been issued in rapid succession by the present Deputy-Keeper of the Public Records and his predecessor, very few are comparable in interest with that which has just been presented by Mr. Duffus Hardy to the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury. The contents of it are absolutely bewildering. We do not know how, in a short article, we will not say to do it justice, but even to give an idea of its contents. Unlike the annual folios published by Sir Francis Palgrave, Mr. Duffus Hardy has adopted the more modern and more readable octavo size; and though the Report extends only, its appendices included, to 107 pages, it is no exaggeration to assert that every page is full of interesting and valuable matter. After what we have said, our readers will understand what we mean when we say that there is no "talk" in this Report. It is all business. It bears on its title-page the date of 1865, and the letter to the Master of the Rolls is headed with the date November 30; but it has only been presented within the last few days, and, we believe, has not yet been made *publici juris*.

The Report itself is the result of a visit to Venice in September last, paid by the Deputy-Keeper, probably at his own instance, but, as he expresses it, pursuant to the direction of the Master of the Rolls. The object of the visit was to report on the documents illustrative of the history of this country preserved in the archives and public libraries at Venice. Probably, till the appearance in 1864 of Mr. Rawdon Brown's first volume of his *Venetian Calendar*, no one was at all aware of the immense extent or the intrinsic value of the collections of State papers and other documents preserved in the national archives and in the other libraries at Venice. We must refer our readers to Mr. Rawdon Brown's Preface for information on this point. And taking for granted that they possess, or at least may if they please possess, all the information which is requisite to the due appreciation of Mr. Hardy's Report, we proceed to give some account of it. And, first of all, we are glad to learn that the second volume of the *Venetian Calendar* is in a considerable state of forwardness, and will extend from 1509, where the first volume left off, to the end of September 1522. It is also satisfactory to find that Mr. Brown's researches have been appreciated so highly, both in Venice and in his own country—the Venetians having testified their sense of their value by publishing an Italian translation of his Preface in the *Nuova Collezione di Opere Storiche*; and his own countrymen paying him the more troublesome compliment of deluging him with letters of inquiry, each on the period of history on which he might happen to be engaged. Mr. Hardy speaks only of three collections—the "Frari," the Marcian Library, and the Correr Museum. To the first of these we must for the present confine our attention. It was formerly a convent of Franciscans, and contains three hundred rooms, the smallest of which Mr. Hardy describes as being larger than a good-sized chamber in England. The rest of his description is such as is calculated to make one discontented with even the improved arrangements of our Record Office and British Museum. Everything, from the courteousness of officials down to the classification of documents, seems to have been exactly what it should have been. And no difficulty appears to have been experienced in the instant production of the papers in any given room. When it is remembered, however, that the number of these rooms reaches to three hundred, it will be easily understood how great a drawback to the efficiency of such an institution it is that it should possess no general catalogue of the whole archives. It passes all our powers of conjecture to make any guess how, in such an *embarras de richesses*, Mr. Hardy was enabled to make any selection. At the conclusion of his Report he offers an apology, which cannot indeed be thought out of place, for the desultory character of the remarks which extend over the forty-one pages of his Report. But we will at once say that this is much more than atoned for by the immense importance of the information he has given us; and we earnestly trust that the Government will adopt his suggestion of increasing Mr. Rawdon Brown's paltry salary so as to enable him to pay for the transcripts of all the documents relating to England, that they may be deposited in the Record Office, for reference, in the same way that the Vatican transcripts may be consulted at the British Museum.

If Mr. Hardy experienced a difficulty in making a selection from the stock of materials at his command, we experience precisely the same in extracting from his Report what may be considered most entertaining or instructive. We take, therefore, almost at random, the documents relative to the divorce of Henry VIII. from Catharine of Aragon. Who would have

\* Report to the Right Honourable the Master of the Rolls upon the Documents in the Archives and Public Libraries of Venice. By Thomas Duffus Hardy, Deputy-Keeper of the Public Records. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode, Printers to the Queen. 1865.



thought that the archives of Venice would have produced anything to throw light upon any part of this transaction? Three lines of the Report and two pages of the Appendix are all that the Deputy-Keeper has given to this subject. Yet, in this small space, we learn more than any English historian has yet told us of the proceedings in regard to getting the opinions of the friars, and through them of the Universities of Northern Italy, on the subject of the dispensing powers of the Pope. No one appears to have read the extremely interesting documents relating to Croke's mission which are now in the Record Office, and will soon be submitted to Mr. Brewer's skilful powers of analysis. Burnet had, indeed, seen the volume of imperfect copies in the Cottonian Collection (Vitellius, B. XIII.), and though he has only printed one of them, he had evidently read, or misread, several of their number; for, in his hasty way, he quotes passages from several of them, and argues from them that the friars were not bribed by Croke—the very passages which he quotes, when the context is taken into consideration, proving the exact contrary of what Burnet wanted to establish. Yet, with all his mistakes, Burnet's is the fullest and best account that has been given of Croke's dealings with the jurists and divines of Northern Italy. And here is exactly the point where the Venetian archives throw light upon the history. The papers we are speaking of are among the documents belonging to the "Council of Ten," which are all deposited in the Frari Collection. Appendix (A) consists of a list of documents relative to the divorce of Henry VIII. Of these there are eleven (one of which—and, alas, only one—is given in full), running over the period from May 12th to December 17th, 1530. Now, upon reference to Burnet's History (Part I. p. 87 of the folio editions), it will be seen that Burnet quotes a number of letters referring to exactly the same period. He states that Croke made acquaintance with a friar at Venice, named Francisus Georgius, who wrote for the King's cause; but that the Government at Venice was so strict that, when it was known whose agent Croke was, he found it difficult to procure subscriptions. Accordingly, he applied to the Senate to give licence to their divines to declare their opinions on that matter; but the only answer he could get was, that they would be neutrals. The Venetian letter just fills up the story, which might indeed have been guessed from the unpublished documents in the Record Office, to which we before alluded; but which does not appear in any history of the period. The letter is from the Council of Ten to Dandolo, a professor of law at Padua, from which it appears that, shortly before May 12, both the Emperor and the King had renewed their application to the Council, signifying to them their respective wishes as to the permission to be given to the divines and jurists to express their opinions on the subject of the divorce. Dandolo was to thank Parisio for the prudent manner in which he had declined to give advice in the matter, as it was necessary that every effort should be made to avoid giving offence to either party in so serious a business, concerning persons of such high importance. The Council of Ten exemplify their idea of prudence by prefacing their instructions to Dandolo with the injunction that the matter should be kept a profound secret, and that even Parisio should not know that Dandolo himself had been instructed by the Council. After having done this, Dandolo was directed to confer secretly and separately with Francischino da Conte and the other jurists and theologians, and warn them, if they had not given advice, to abstain from doing so; and if they had expressed their opinion, for the future to suppress it. Lastly, each one of them was to be put upon his oath not to reveal to any one that the matter proceeded from the Council.

The other letters are analysed so briefly that we are unable to gain much information from them, but they seem to imply that later in the year permission was given to speak their minds freely; and the last document authorizes the Imperial ambassador to transcribe the opinion given by Marco da Mantua concerning the divorce.

The account of these documents is given just as they appear in the archives of Venice. Mr. Hardy has not attempted to illustrate them either from history or from English documents. As to any illustrations of them from printed books, history is, as we have seen, almost a blank upon the subject; but the papers in the Record Office of the year 1530 not only receive a good deal of light from the letter of the Council of Ten, but also reflect a good deal of light upon it. It may reasonably be asked, who were Francesco Georgio and Parisio, Francischino da Conte and Marco da Mantua? Of the first we learn something from Burnet, and from two or three letters printed in the State Papers of Henry VIII., edited by Mr. Robert Lemon. Of the others nothing has hitherto been known. Perhaps we cannot better illustrate the value of the Venetian archives, nor more effectually show the necessity of a fuller account of the State Papers of the period than has yet been made public, than by the following extract from an unpublished letter of Croke's to the King, from Venice, dated the last of November. We transcribe it from the holograph in our own Record Office:—

Please it your Highness to be advertised that after much labour of Parisius by his friends with me to come and speak with him in Padua, because they alleged earnestly that it should be for no little profferment of your said Highness' cause; at the last I went to him, and at my coming, most gracious lord, he first showed unto me the Emperor's letters, requiring him to counsel for the Queen. Secondly, he told me that he had a special commandment of the Senate, that he in no wise should write or meddle in the favour of your Highness' cause. The giving of the which commandment he imputed to Vincentius de Russo. Whom, then being Dean Collegii Jurisperitorum in Padua, the Protonotary brought unto my lord of London. And he, when

my lord had broken the cause unto him, noised immediately throughout all Padua that the case pertained unto your Highness, and was against the Queen's, being the Emperor's aunt, and so distorted and letted the matter all that he might. And thus was your Highness' case first openly known and hindered in Padua. Afore the which rumour whosoever had come with your Highness' case to him the said Parisius bade me show your Highness that he, for less than 30 crowns, would have delivered his counsel gladly therein. Thirdly, the said Parisius advertised me of a truth that the Senate had cited Marcus de Mantua because that the said Marcus had written in the favour of your Highness' cause. And therefore he blamed much the indiscreet dealing of Doctor Antonius ab Angelo, the which spared not at the time of justice in the common hall at Padua, where justice is kept, openly afore all men to offer money to every doctor that he met to subscribe there the said counsel, without regard whether the said doctor were learned or unlearned, canonist or civilian. The which handling the said Parisius bade me to show unto your Highness upon his honesty was much slanderous not only to the said subscription but also unto the whole cause. Notwithstanding because that the said Parisius told me that Francischino da Curta had 60 crowns to hold his peace and not to write against your Highness, I judged these his reports to the desire of his own advancement, unto the time that I heard divers sad men, and such as both loveth and honoureth your Highness, lament this handling of your most high cause. . . . It is therefore much needful for your Highness, most gracious lord, earnestly to expostulate with the Segnory for forbidding them that hath taken earnest of your Highness not to write for the same. And Parisius bade me show your Highness, if he were discharged of their commandment, and the Emperor's requests of late made unto him, and by him answered unto, that he had received earnest of your Highness afore the Emperor's commandment, he would gladly write and do the best he can for your Highness. And in case that cannot be obtained, so that your Highness will grant him yearly and give him a thousand and five hundred crowns, to the which value he yearly bath of the Segnorye and out of the realm of Naples, he will forsake the Venetians and the Emperor and serve your Highness, if it so please the same in Rome. And the said Parisius' request is to have this sum either by abbey or prebend.

We have made this extract as short as possible, consistently with the purpose for which it is printed. We think it will be admitted that to understand either Venetian or English documents it is absolutely necessary to see and compare both. What we have said of Venice applies with equal, if not with greater, force to Vienna. The work of calendaring State Papers of the reign of Henry VIII. must be allowed to be very far from complete while the immense stores at Vienna still remain unknown. We had hoped to have been able to give some account of the other libraries at Venice, and their still more interesting contents. But we have no space for more than a bare enumeration of the principal subjects referred to by the Deputy-Keeper of the Records. They consist chiefly of accounts of documents relating to Cardinal Pole, to the Countess of Arundel, and James Stuart, the eldest son of Charles II. We regret to add that Appendix (D) is extremely disappointing, though from its heading we had anticipated a considerable amount of information. It is "Mr. Bergenroth's Communication on Documents relating to Cardinal Pole among the Simancas Archives." It is most tantalizing to find that it contains nothing but impressions left on the memory of the writer, which we cannot but think must have been written under a strong bias, and which are unsupported by the production of any documentary evidence.

#### FRANCE ON THE EVE OF THE GREAT REVOLUTION.\*

A SHORT prefatory memoir of Admiral Collier, by the granddaughter who edits this volume, tells the reader who may be ignorant or oblivious of his country's historical heroes of the last century what were Sir George Collier's undeniable claims to a lasting reputation as a gallant and skilful officer. It scarcely explains, however, as clearly or cogently why the notes of a short sojourn in France and the Low Countries, written in the gaiety of his heart by an unemployed naval post-captain in 1773, should be published for the first time (as they apparently are) in 1865; and a perusal of the notes themselves does not answer the question much more satisfactorily, although it entirely justifies Mrs. Tennant's assertion that her grandfather was an accomplished scholar and gentleman. If the passing criticisms upon foreign countries of all accomplished gentlemen and scholars who have roved over Europe during the last two or three decades are to be unearthed from the privacy of family receptacles when they have become mellow with the age of ninety years, we pity in anticipation the overburdened readers of the twentieth century.

The Eve of the Great Revolution, as interpreted by whoever has furnished these unpretending notes with a posthumous title, means the last years of the reign of Louis XV. Captain Collier's rapid journey from Calais to Paris, his four months' stay in the French capital as a sight-seeing British tourist without any exceptional means of circulating in Parisian society, and his equally rapid journey from Paris to the frontier at Valenciennes, gave him much the same opportunities for observation as were enjoyed by Dr. Moore, whose pleasant and gossiping letters were published for the benefit of the contemporary generation. It is clear that neither Dr. Moore nor Captain Collier had any idea that either a political or a social revolution in France was even a probable contingency of the next twenty years. Indeed, very few Frenchmen could have told them that it was, or would have credited the supernatural sagacity of a foreigner who had happened to divine the fact for himself. An educated Englishman might easily see that the lines of demarcation between the various ranks of society in France were at once broader and more absolute than in his own country, but he could have no means of judging the pressure that would ultimately break the tense cord. He might learn something of the

\* *France on the Eve of the Great Revolution.* By Admiral Sir G. Collier. London: Richard Bentley. 1865.

iniquities of administrative corruption, and might wonder at the patience of a long-suffering people whose ways were not like the ways of his fellow-citizens at home. But the presumption of history always favours the continuance of an existing status, especially in the judgment of the passing traveller. Dr. Moore argued the moral impossibility of a constitutional revolution in France from the easy insouciance of the national character, which, even if it could be prompted by extreme outrage to expel the reigning Sovereign, would never dream of exacting any shadow of guarantee from his heir and successor. Captain Collier, though aware of the "oppression of the lower sort of people" through the inequalities of class law and the "grinding and infamous mode of farming out the taxes," saw no signs of abject poverty anywhere, and found the peasantry as robust and well-clothed as in Great Britain, and the general cultivation superior to that of any country he had ever travelled in. He thought that "a wise and able prince," who would abolish conventual vows, encourage trade, and equalize the taxation, "would certainly make France the most potent and flourishing kingdom upon earth." He saw the first public entry of Louis XVI. and Marie-Antoinette, as Dauphin and Dauphiness, into the good city of Paris, amid the acclamations of thousands; and probably speculated as hopefully as they may have done for themselves on the strengthening of all good relations between the capital and its future sovereign lord and lady. There is no trace of any feeling in his journal, beyond a certainty that Louis the Well-beloved and his Dubarry must soon pass away, and a plausible hope that a comparative millennium might be coming after them; certainly no fear that, instead of a millennium, there might come a deluge.

When the reader has once made up his mind that he is not to look in Sir George Collier's notes for any fresh matter or any new light which might contribute to his better understanding of the French Revolution, and that he must read them for the mere reason which took Sir George abroad, *i.e.* "without the least occasion or pretence but dissipation," he will find the gallant officer as pleasant and intelligent a travelling companion as if he were a naval officer of the present day. There is, in fact, rather more interest in reading of the "Auberge of Mons. Dessein," at Calais, "well known to most of the English who travel this road" (Sterne among them), than there would be in learning that Captain Jones, V.C., put up at the familiar Hotel des Bains at Boulogne. It is something to fix a limit to the historical origin of the modern *salle-à-manger*, in the fact that "our dinner was indifferently dressed and served in a bed-chamber, such being the elegant custom in most of the inns in the polite Kingdom of France." The gaunt postilion of the first stage, with the long queue and jackboots of bull's-hide hooped with iron, and the eternal crack of his whip, comes before us like an old acquaintance; and the dapper young man who drove Sir George Collier into Paris, and reappears on the following Sunday "dressed in a good pompadour frock, worked ruffles, silk waistcoat, and silk stockings, with his hair *bien poudré*, and a bag," is a good copy of Yorick's La Fleur. Most Parisian houses have for some time been provided with *parquets*; but it is as good as a tour through the country inns of France or Italy to read how "the floors of the rooms are commonly paved with red tiles, which (to save washing, as water is scarce) they paint over with red lead and size, and when dirty, dry rub them." We come across a necessary comfort of to-day, which in 1773 was a Parisian luxury that had not yet crossed the Channel:—

Those who walk always carry an umbrella, which is so exceedingly useful, that I wonder the people in London do not adopt it; especially as it is so much more the fashion for the better sort to walk there than in Paris, where nobody makes use of their legs but from necessity. These umbrellas are wonderfully convenient for the French beaux, whom I have frequently seen ambling along on tip-toe in the hardest showers of rain, without disordering a hair of their toupes.

Another invention, then "peculiar to Paris," may be recognised in perfected grace and finish among our own modern fashionable equipages:—

A body of a postchaise, open before, and put upon a carriage with two wheels. It holds two people, one of whom drives, and frequently appears full dressed, and without a hat. A servant stands behind to take care of the carriage when his master gets out.

As nothing is said of the proportional size of the servant and the equipage, it may be inferred that, after borrowing the cabriolet, England has shown genius enough to repay France by inventing the diminutive tiger. A third peculiarity of the streets of Paris is described at some length, and naturally without any foreboding of the tragic associations which the name of the institution must evoke in the minds of all nineteenth-century readers:—

The manner of lighting them differs much from ours in London, for here lanterns hang over the middle of the street, suspended by lines across from one house to another, the end of which is secured in a little box in the wall, which is kept locked by the person who lights and trims the lamp. These lanterns really give a good deal of light, by means of a concave piece of tin placed behind the wick, which collects the rays, and throws them out again to some distance; and upon the whole, though the manner has a mean appearance to people used to London, yet I must own I think their streets better lighted than ours—I mean when their lamps are lighted; for this magnificent capital, which has "nothing like it," as they believe, has its lamps only lighted when there is no moon!

Captain Collier saw, in the sculptor's yard outside the Boulevards, the latest novelty of French art, the monument to the memory of Marshal Saxe, to be erected in Strasburg Cathedral. The yearly generations of Rhine tourists who have stared at and commented on this extraordinary work have done little beyond expressing, in various words, the sentiments of one of its earliest

English critics. Mr. Murray might profitably embody Captain Collier's exhaustive observations in the next edition of his *Hand-book for the Rhine*.

Versailles and the other royal palaces, the Court of Louis XV. at a *grand couvert*, or public supper, and also at a less formal *petit souper*, were among the lions which a travelling English gentleman was bound to see and to describe. Versailles seemed to him to prove its founder, Louis XIV., alike deficient in taste, sense, and honesty. In 1773 it appeared to be fast going to ruin, although still the royal residence. The associations of Versailles with the history of Louis XVI. have infused an unconscious pathos into Captain Collier's remark on the prospects of the palace in the reign that was about to begin. "The Dauphin, when he comes to the throne, will decide whether it is to be recreated, or sink into a heap of ruins." More important issues regarding the maintenance of royal majesty were reserved for the ostensible decision of the poor Dauphin, who, for want of the power to decide, was to become as much the sport of circumstances as Versailles itself. Anybody who has studied French etiquette under Louis XIV., in the pages of Dangeau or St. Simon, will find some interest in seeing the public and private Court suppers of the next generation portrayed from an English point of view; and will hardly be scandalized at the picture of Madame Du Barry sitting "like *Lais*" (a gentleman and scholar from the country of Dryden ought to have said *Thais*) "by the side of Alexander, talking familiarly with the King, and taking things off his plate to show her consequence":—

Her manner was apparently low and vulgar. She seemed to affect great affability, and talked and smiled all round the table. The course was taken off by footmen in liveries extremely dirty; and the dishes brought in by the Swiss guards, who are the great favourites, with their hats on, though in the same room, and almost touching the King.

There is something pleasant and curious in the simplicity which compels a British naval officer to be honestly indignant with the Place des Victoires—"famous for handing down to posterity the vanity, the pride, and the falsity of that curse to his country and to Europe, Louis XIV., who, by the best accounts of him, notwithstanding the fuss he made about his glory, was as arrant a coward as Louis XV., or any other conspicuous one." Describing with bitter irony the statue of "the before-mentioned glorious hero," with Victory placing a crown of laurels upon his head, while he treads upon the triple-headed Cerberus (the emblem of the Empire, England and Holland) which he has crushed in battle, the patriotic Briton frankly allows that he "should have been glad to add a figure or two to the group; and would have placed our great Duke of Marlborough opposite to the immortal man, snatching at the wreath of laurels, and placing them on his own brow." Now that ninety years have elapsed since Sir George Collier vented his indignation against the mendacious pretensions of the Grand Monarch's statue, it may perhaps be allowed that general history has to a reasonable extent vindicated itself, and that the Duke of Marlborough's reputation stands on much the same level that it would have occupied if a brazen effigy of him had come to a personal squabble with the crowned image of Louis XIV. in the centre of the Place des Victoires.

#### RECENT ILLUSTRATIONS OF RAFFAELLE.\*

BY the issue of the two works first-named, the publishers have made an interesting contribution to the popular knowledge of the "Prince of Artists," as, almost in his own time, Raffaele Sanzio was entitled. The photographic series has been sufficiently well selected. We have here such favourites of all the world as the "Madonna del Cardellino," "della Seggiola," and "di San Sisto." The painter's early style is seen at its very best in the lovely "Spasializio" of the Milan Gallery, and his latest in the cartoon representing the "Giving of the Keys"—the only specimen in which the photograph has been employed on Raffaele's own work, without the intervention or "interpretation" of an engraver. At the same time we are bound to remark, on the faith of the copy before us, that the photographs of Messrs. Cundall, although their name is a guarantee for the soundness of their work, do not quite bear out the praises bestowed upon them in the Preface. Through some reason which, we suppose, must be sought in the chemical mysteries of the art, the gradation of Longhi's or Muller's engravings is not accurately reproduced; the dark masses become too dark; the scattered lights tell too forcibly on the eye. The stains also, from which the noble prints of these engravers (owing to the imperfection of the paper manufacture in modern times) are rarely free, come out much more distinctly in the copy. In truth, whilst books ornamented by this process are pleasant enough to look at, and have even a certain value in educating the taste, we cannot but regret that the pains and money expended in producing them had not been turned to the service of some more enduring form of art. We have never seen a photographically illustrated book twelve months old in which the signs of decay were not plainly legible; and nothing is less pleasant to look at than a fading photograph. Many attempts have been made to cure this evil, and a process recently discovered claims to be absolutely permanent. There is also the beautiful art of etching by photography, of which some excellent specimens were published,

\* *The Great Works of Raphael; a Series of Twenty Photographs from the best Engravings of his most celebrated Paintings.* Bell & Daldy. 1866.

*Facsimiles of Original Studies by Raphael, in the University Galleries.* Etched by Joseph Fisher. Bell & Daldy. 1865.

*Christianity in the Cartoons.* By W. Watkiss Lloyd. Williams & Norgate 1865.



several years since, in periodical numbers. This art, of course, gives us a really durable result, and would, we fancy, be especially applicable to the reproduction of line-engravings. But whether some extra expense and trouble is involved, or whether, as we rather conclude to be the case, all permanent processes have been ignored by photographers from obvious reasons, they have at present made no way. Hence all those who buy books with photographic illustrations should regard them, as we regard fine weather in England, as something too pleasant to last. Like fairy gold in the story, our treasures will some day be found to have slipped through our fingers, leaving only a blurred and unrepresentable page behind. *Eheu, fugaces!* Better the smallest artist-like woodcut, we say, than the most complete, but fugitive, copy from Longhi's exquisite "Marriage," or Müller's magnificent "San Sisto."

We are thus disposed to look with more satisfaction on the other book which Messrs. Bell and Daldy have given us. Some of the original designs suffer a little by the reduction necessary to bring them within the compass of Mr. Fisher's pages, and the half-effaced lines or slightly-touched hints of Raffaele have occasionally presented difficulties to the engraver which could only have been conquered by a more elaborate process of facsimile than was possible in so cheap a volume. But, to those who agree with us in regarding *permanence* as the first material consideration when buying a work of art, we cordially recommend this series from Raffaele's own drawings, as a thing not only beautiful in itself, but sure to be an enduring source of pleasure and instruction. Having frequently studied the original designs, we can speak to the taste and general fidelity of Mr. Fisher's etchings; and the same praise may be extended to a smaller companion volume (brought out by the same firm), containing a similar series from the noble collection of drawings by Michel Angelo, also preserved at Oxford. Let us add, that a well-written introduction and descriptive index accompanies the volumes, and renders their contents intelligible to readers not acquainted with the original designs, which form the most complete representative series existing of the great painter's career. Not only is each of the styles into which Raffaele's pictures have been divided amply displayed in the Oxford collection, but each is generally set before us through the first thought for one of his most celebrated and typical works. We watch him in the studio of Perugino, at first modestly copying his master, then adding to his manner an ease and natural air absent from Perugino's somewhat mannered and languid grace. We next see him influenced, at Florence, by Leonardo da Vinci, and under that high teaching producing his most engaging, if not his greatest, pictures; then seized upon by the antique art as by a new source of inspiration, and repeating the frescoes and bas-reliefs of Imperial Rome in a hundred new forms of grace, with the fertility and ease of Mozart when he varied a musical theme; till, having exchanged something of his earlier sweetness for the more dramatic force of the Cartoons or the "Transfiguration," death carried him off at "the fatal seven-and-thirty" which numbered the years of this marvellous youth, and left the world to wonder what would have been the next step of a genius which had transformed itself, and art with it, so strangely and so rapidly.

The third book on our list is of different quality from those just noticed, which are devoted to the illustration of Raffaele by presenting us with his designs. Mr. Lloyd has indeed given the whole series of the Hampton Court Cartoons, with outlines from those Cartoons of which the originals have perished, and other curious illustrative prints; but these are here subsidiary to the text. With great ability and clearness he has traced what we might call the early history of the Cartoons; describing that long and intricate series of Scripture subjects which cover the walls of the Sistine Chapel, and were intended to form a more complete and significant pictorial record of man's Redemption than any up to that time produced by mediæval art. There are few buildings in Christendom more memorable than that little chapel. All the ecclesiastical traditions of Christian painting, matured through ten centuries of slow development, concentrated themselves within its walls; and by the period that Michel Angelo had finished his "Last Judgment"—indeed before the closing scene, the "Fall of the Angels," had been commenced—the Christian art of the traditional period was over. Even the Cartoons, intended to form the series of pictures nearest the eye, have never taken a permanent place within the chapel; the Latin Church, one might say, expressing thus, by a kind of tacit confession, that the old world of ecclesiastical Europe had passed away.

Mr. Lloyd gives a very ingenious arrangement of the Cartoons, pointing out the position they would have held in this great cycle of Christian art; and he then proceeds to describe each, analysing the scene, setting forth the idea of the Scripture narrative which Raffaele appears to have followed, and dwelling especially on the dramatic power with which the features, attitudes, and grouping of the figures carry out the story represented. Mr. Lloyd is well known to archaeologists as one of our highest authorities on the subject of ancient art, being equally distinguished for his accurate taste and his widely-gathered scholarship; and as a student of the Greek mythology he has probably no English superior. There is the mark of thoroughness on all that he does in these provinces of research; he seems always master of the situation. We only regret that he has intermingled with the artistic portions of this book a number of elaborate criticisms upon the "myths" which, in common with recent German speculation, he finds everywhere in the New Testament. Whatever value these views may possess, they are not likely to produce the effect which the author aims at, when interlarded, as it were, with the more attractive matter of his volume, to which they are united

by no obvious link. Hence, without desiring him to suppress a syllable of what he conscientiously believes and courageously states, we cannot help wishing that he would so far bend to the rules of common literary arrangement as to print his guide to the Cartoons in the form of a separate work. Compared with such handbooks as those under which the English public generally suffers, this would be an invaluable auxiliary to popular comprehension. The author has thrown all his keen insight and refined feeling into his analysis; and it will probably surprise even an attentive student of those great works to find how many delicate points of art and of fine familiarity with nature have been first brought before him by Mr. Lloyd. Much might be said on the interpretation of the Scripture story here given by Raffaele, which may sometimes be deficient in penetrating the finer elements of the Gospel narrative; and of the peculiar style of art adopted, which is not uniformly felicitous in combining the religious sentiment with the "Roman" manner of the artist. Mr. Lloyd has, however, perhaps judged wisely in confining himself to the Cartoons as they are, without comparing them with other modes of art, or criticizing the painter's conception of the original record. Indeed, when all allowances have been duly made, so much remains which belongs to the highest sphere of art that Raffaele's treatment of the New Testament is likely long to retain its supremacy. As we read Mr. Lloyd's descriptions, and examine the designs, these seven masterworks seem to pass before us like the acts in some great drama. The tragic features of the first period of the Christian story are excluded from the poem; the visible divine intervention is withdrawn, as we leave the "Charge to Peter" for the scenes from the Acts of the Apostles; what remains is the foundation of the Church by its earliest human members. Raffaele, like Milton in his *Paradise Regained*, which has many points of analogy with the Cartoons, has so treated his high subject that, whilst his personal belief is perceptible, yet the representation may be accepted by all Christian communities alike. Is it fanciful to suggest that there is a lesson in this by which they may all alike profit?

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

THERE is still much to be done before we can say that we are thoroughly acquainted with classical antiquity. We know something about the political and literary history of the Greeks and Romans. Battles, diplomatic questions, and revolutions are familiar to us; we are not totally ignorant even of the institutions which at different times flourished in Athens or around the Capitol; but we still know very little about the origin and successive developments of those institutions. M. Fustel de Coulange's book\* will serve as a most useful guide in inquiries of this nature. We cannot here attempt to do anything like justice to a volume so suggestive, and so rich both in facts and in ideas, but we may point out at least the author's plan and the division of his work. The leading principle from which he starts is this:—The ancients (Hindus, Greeks, and Romans) originally believed that after death the soul still enjoyed a kind of existence under the earth, and that it dwelt there, connected with the body in some mysterious way. The portion of ground hallowed by the presence of the corpse became, therefore, the centre of the household; an altar where the consecrated fire ever burnt, typical and more than typical of the soul of the departed, marked it for ever, and was the point round which the family congregated. Hence religion, considered at its origin, was essentially a domestic system; there were as many gods and rituals as there were families; and from this it followed—1. That the father was truly a priest; 2. That the males alone had a right to the family property; 3. That the law of primogeniture was strictly observed; 4. That there was no such thing as inheritance by will or testament. In the second division of his work, M. de Coulange shows how the family, through a kind of system of aggregation, produced the *gens*, how from the *gens*, in like manner, arose the tribe, and from the tribe the city. He then goes on to explain (division 3) the character of the political community, and the reason why individual liberty was unknown in ancient times. The history of the revolution which destroyed this state of things in Rome and in Italy forms the subject of the next part; whilst the concluding one contains a very lucid account of the character of Roman civilization and of the fundamental changes which Christianity brought about. M. de Coulange's work is evidently the result of long and arduous labour; it has been crowned by the Academy, and is now in its second edition.

M. de Margerie's book on theodicy† does not aim at saying anything very new on a subject which has been so often treated; but it is a thoughtful and well written work. Most French philosophers profess, whilst attacking the subversive doctrines of atheism and materialism, to take their position upon a ground which is not that of Christianity. They represent themselves as independent thinkers, and assert that they can arrive at truth without the help of religion. M. de Margerie, on the contrary, declares himself to be a Christian philosopher; his aim is to reconcile reason with faith, and he seeks to attack error under its various forms, in the name of the intellect and the heart combined. We do not know that the parties interested in this

\* *La Cité Antique, étude sur le Culte, le Droit, les Institutions de la Grèce et de Rome.* Par Fustel de Coulange. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Théodicée, études sur Dieu, la Création, et la Providence.* Par A. de Margerie. Paris: Didier.

conflict will agree about the concessions which M. de Margerie expects from them respectively; but, setting this point aside, we are bound to acknowledge that his views are extremely well stated, and that the two volumes he has just published are a valuable contribution to the history of metaphysical speculation.

Madlle. Clarisse Bader is no novice in the world of literature. Her *La Femme dans l'Inde Antique*, crowned by the Academy, had already proved that, by the depth of her researches and the serious character of her studies, she is entitled to a high rank amongst the company of *femmes de lettres*. Her present volume, devoted to an account of woman under the Jewish dispensation, will add much to her reputation. Notwithstanding all the admiration she entertains for India and Hindu civilization, Madlle. Bader acknowledges that the Jews alone realized all the characteristics of true moral progress, and she publishes her new work under the impression of that idea. The volume is divided into four books. The first contains, if we may so say, a psychological account of woman as the Bible reveals her to us, from the earliest time to the preaching of the Gospel. We have next a description of the *status* occupied by unmarried females during the same interval; the third book introduces us to woman considered as a wife, a mother, and a widow; and finally, we have to deal with the fair sex, not from the domestic point of view, but from that of history, as exemplified in persons taking a part in public and political life.

As M. Tissandier remarks †, a new school of philosophy, hitherto unknown to historians and critics, has lately put forth its claims to notice. Henceforward, the historian of metaphysical doctrines will, it seems, have to allow room for spiritism, table-turning, and all the other exhibitions which remind us of the days of Cagliostro, Mesmer, and Martinez Pasqualis. We need scarcely say that M. Tissandier is no disciple of the school founded by M. Allan Kardec. After a short preface on the occult sciences in general, he gives us an interesting account of the origin and progress of magnetism; he then shows us "spiritism," as it is called, arising naturally from the extraordinary impulse given to physical science, and he concludes by proving (with very superfluous force) the futility of its claims either as a religion or as a system of philosophy.

M. Charles Labitte's remarkable book on the French preachers of the League period ‡ had been long out of print, and we are glad to see a second edition of it published from the author's manuscript. It was originally a *thèse* written in view of the Doctor's degree; but, like M. Rigault's *Querelle des Anciens et des Modernes*, M. Taine's *Étude sur Tite Live*, and many other works of the same kind, the essay gradually assumed the proportions of a *bonâ fide* book. In an age in which the process of white-washing has been applied on the largest scale, the *Ligueurs* of the sixteenth century could not well remain unnoticed. M. de Bonald in 1817, and M. de Lamennais in 1829, attempted to demonstrate the startling paradox that the "Ligue" had replaced the monarchy on its proper foundation, and that its only object was a solid alliance between Royalty and the Catholic faith. M. Labitte undertook to refute this assertion; he did so with marked success, and showed that the *Ligueurs*, far from being sincerely attached to regal institutions, were democrats of the worst kind, whose principles have been condemned both by the Catholic writers of the seventeenth century and by the *philosophes* of the following one. The work now before us begins with an introduction on preaching, and specially on political preaching in France. We find, next, a succinct account of the events which marked the period beginning with Saint Bartholomew's Day, 1572, and ending with the murder of Henry IV. The popular pulpit orators of the day are successively examined, their revolutionary doctrines are fully stated, and the history of literature is made to illustrate in the most ingenious and instructive manner the episodes of one of the strangest epochs in the annals of France.

English metaphysicians are now receiving from French authors the attention which they deserve, and which has been too long withheld. After M. de Rémusat's numerous monographs, M. Cousin's brilliant lectures, and M. Saisset's essays, we have to mention a remarkable critique on the philosophy of Dr. Thomas Brown. § M. Réthoré, to whom we are indebted for this volume, shows that the successor of Dugald Stewart in the professorship at Edinburgh entirely separated himself on many points from the school with which he is commonly identified, and adopted the theories of Condillac. Comparing Brown with Destutt de Tracy, M. Réthoré decidedly gives the preference to the Scotchman. He especially praises him for having thoroughly understood what he considers to be the two fundamental propositions of metaphysics—namely, first, that the study of the human mind is a separate, distinct, and well-defined science; and secondly, that our ideas and sentiments are nothing else but the thinking substance itself variously modified. M. Réthoré's volume begins with a biographical sketch of Thomas Brown, and contains, next, a careful examination of the metaphysician's two chief works—the *Inquiry into the Relation of Cause and Effect*, and the *Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind*. M. Réthoré is a loyal disciple of Condillac; we

may or may not accept his doctrines, but no one can deny that he possesses in a remarkable degree the clearness and elegant simplicity which are characteristic of the best representatives of the sensationalist school.

Thanks to M. Auguste Durand, we can now study with ease and comfort the celebrated *Journal des Savants*; but, until lately, the *Journal de Trévoux* was, for all practical purposes, inaccessible. And yet few periodicals enjoyed such a reputation; few, let us add, equally deserved it. Founded in 1701, under the auspices of the Duke du Maine, by the Jesuits, with the view of counteracting the injury done to the Catholic faith by the journals of Holland, it flourished for eighty years, and obtained a reputation for accuracy and learning which modern writers have uniformly acknowledged to be well merited. Students, therefore, who have often occasion to refer to the patient erudition of our forefathers, should thank Father Sommervogel for his excellent *Table Méthodique des Mémoires de Trévoux*. It is divided into three volumes, the first of which contains, besides an historical preface on the origin and progress of the *Mémoires*, a classified list of all the dissertations or essays published in that journal. The second and third volumes give us a similar index for the reviews of books. Alphabetical tables have been added, and bibliographical particulars supplied, wherever necessary.

M. Charles Carpentier publishes the first of twelve brochures † which are intended to form, when complete, a course of studies on comparative legislation. The right of property in man over man, or, in other words, the question of slavery, first occupies the attention of our author. He begins by ascertaining what this assumed right was in heathen antiquity; his next section takes us amongst the Hebrews, and he shows that the views they entertained about the origin of the world and the creation of man explain sufficiently the peculiar features of their laws. Their ideas as to slavery were a decided advance on the theories put forward by Greek and Roman philosophers; but it was reserved for Christianity to restore to man his real dignity. This is a fact of the highest importance, both in itself and in the consequences which have resulted from it.

The life of M. Gratiolet is a striking illustration of the difficulties which a man of talent and learning has to get over if he will not consent to any compromise, nor make any sacrifice to the *esprit de coterie*. ‡ A pupil—the favourite pupil—of the late celebrated naturalist De Blainville, M. Gratiolet was obliged to pay the penalty of this connection; and it may be truly said of him that he fought his way up to the lectureship of zoology at the Sorbonne, and to the *Académie des Sciences*. But for further details of his life we must refer our readers to the interesting biographical sketch published by M. Grandeaun as an appendix to the present volume, and proceed to say a few words on the book itself. It contains a very suggestive and ingenious treatise on physiognomy, and on muscular movements of an expressive character. In the first part the author treats of movements in general, showing how they constitute a kind of language which has often all the distinctness of oral communication. The second part is devoted to sympathetic movements—that is to say, those which take place, not with reference to an exterior object, but in consequence of the play of a peculiar organ, whose action alone is objective. Besides these movements, there are others resulting from the activity of the mental powers, and which are defined by M. Gratiolet as *symbolic*. These are examined in the concluding section of the work. The learned professor wrote more especially for scientific men; but he also sought to bring within the reach of the public in general the conclusions at which he had arrived, and with this view delivered, at the Sorbonne, a kind of familiar lecture, which is here reprinted.

M. Émile Chasles says of Cervantes §—"His life was a shipwreck, and his work a ruin." Be this as it may, it is surprising that Spain should have so long neglected a writer who, whatever his faults, deserves one of the very highest places on the list of his country's worthies. There is still a debate about the place where he was born; nobody seems to know what has become of his tomb; the complete edition of his works is not yet finished; and the house in which he spent the greater part of his life will soon be a heap of ruins. Under these circumstances, we think that M. Chasles has deserved the gratitude of Spaniards by publishing the work now before us, and the numerous admirers of Cervantes will hail with pleasure this carefully written biography by an author well acquainted, not only with his special subject, but with the political and literary history of Spain at its various epochs. After explaining the works of Cervantes by the different incidents of his life, M. Chasles shows him appearing on the literary horizon at the time when the glory of his native country was fading away, and he remarks that the want of patriotism which has been ascribed to him was due to his consciousness that the Spain of the seventeenth century—passing, as it was, through a state of transition—was about to bid adieu to military and political glory. The time of Cervantes was only a caricature of the past; and the mania for perpetuating mediæval institutions, when the spirit of the middle ages had departed, was

\* *La Femme biblique, sa Vie Morale et Sociale, etc.* Par Madlle. Clarisse Bader. Paris: Didier.

† *Des Sciences Occultes et du Spiritisme.* Par J. B. Tissandier. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

‡ *De la Démocratie chez les Prédicateurs de la Ligue.* Par Ch. Labitte. Second Edition. Paris: Durand.

§ *Critique de la Philosophie de Thomas Brown.* Par F. Réthoré. Paris: Durand.

\* *Table Méthodique des Mémoires de Trévoux, précédée d'une Notice Historique.* Par Le Père P. C. Sommervogel. Paris: Durand.

† *Le Droit Payen et le Droit Chrétien.* Par Charles Carpentier. Paris: Durand.

‡ *De la Physiognomie et des Mouvements d'Expression.* Par Pierre Gratiolet. Paris: Hetzel.

§ *Michel de Cervantes, sa Vie, son Temps.* Par M. Émile Chasles. Paris: Didier.



worse than a mistake. Cervantes wanted to prove that liberty of conscience is not necessarily destructive of religion, nor reason of humour. Above all, he had the boldness to assert that Spain might advantageously take lessons in many respects from other Continental nations; and he sought to put down that exclusive spirit which, arising from excessive pride, ended in the ruin of a once mighty empire. This was more than enough to make him unpopular; but the prejudiced verdict of contemporaries has long ago been reversed by the world, and the interesting volume of M. Chasles will do much towards making the immortal author of *Don Quixote* better known.

Antiquarians and bibliographers have already had several opportunities of estimating M. Alfred Franklin's erudition; and two new volumes are now added to his series on the public libraries of Paris. The Abbey of Saint-Victor, besides being one of the most celebrated centres of study in former days, claims the merit of having rendered accessible to the Paris literati a public library of great importance. Cardinal Mazarin, assisted by the learned Gabriel Naudé, threw open to the world, about the end of the year 1643, a valuable collection of twelve thousand volumes. On the 27th of March, 1652, Henri du Boudet bequeathed to the Victorines, as they were called, his library, numbering six thousand volumes, on condition that it should be made available to students three times a week. The legatees accepted the condition, and it is the history of this library which M. Franklin unfolds before us. He gives, in the first place, an account of the abbey itself, from its origin to its close; he describes the formation and progress of the library, enumerates the principal bibliographical treasures it contained, reprints copious extracts from the catalogues and other illustrative documents, and adds a very valuable alphabetical index. The library of the Medical School offers an additional point of interest, inasmuch as it has never before been described, although it contains detailed manuscript registers which allow of its history being traced as far back as the fourteenth century. M. Franklin has had the courage to plunge amongst these papers, and the result has been a work of high bibliographical importance. The history of the Paris *Faculté de Médecine* comprises two distinct periods—the former beginning with 1391, and going down to the year 1746, when the library was first opened to the public; the latter coming down to our own days. As in the other volume we have just mentioned, M. Franklin adds to his narrative a variety of *pièces justificatives*; he notices all the MSS. preserved in the library, classifying them according to their subjects; and he describes the catalogues which were compiled from time to time. A curious plan of the environs of the medical schools is prefixed to the book.

M. Armand Jousselein's *Souvenirs de la Guyane* will be, no doubt, for many readers a sort of guide to one of the few *terres incognites* which still remain on the face of the globe. Called by the exigencies of military service to join the French garrison at Cayenne, our author naturally wished, in the first instance, to ascertain the nature of the country, its social resources, its sanitary condition, &c. Hence several inquiries which led to the most opposite answers. For some, Guiana was a kind of hospital; for others, a paradise. At all events, the decree of December the 8th, 1851, transforming it into a penal settlement, gave it political interest and importance. We cannot say that M. Jousselein's volume inspires us with any great wish to start on a trip to Cayenne; but the details it gives respecting the colony, the climate, and the manners and habits of the settlers, will repay the reader's attention.

Some months ago we noticed M. Paul Féval's sensational book *Les Habits Noirs*. Under the title *Cœur d'Acier*, we have now a sequel to that strange story. Once more the most improbable scenes are accumulated, and the most extraordinary personages brought together. In the multiplicity of his dramatic resources, M. Paul Féval leaves Mr. Harrison Ainsworth far behind; and his tales have the twofold merit of administering stern justice to villainy, and of being free from that dullness which characterizes so many *romans-feuilletons*. M. Edouard Ourliac, like the author of *Cœur d'Acier*, is seldom guilty of being dull. The collection of small tales, called *Contes de la Famille*, to which his name is prefixed, contains, à propos of Gascony and of the Gascons, some excellent remarks on modern centralization, on the moral and intellectual condition of the provinces compared with the metropolis, and on the so-called progress of France during the nineteenth century. The chapter which terminates the volume, and which treats of school-boy experiences, is the drollest possible contrast to Tom Brown, Eric, Saint Winifred, *e tutti quanti*. Why M. Th. Gautier should have called his bundle of novelettes by the name of *La Peau de Tigre* we are at a loss to guess; they are nevertheless amusing, and those who want to know something about the Parisian *bourgeois*, the opera *figurantes*, and the theory and practice of single-stick, cannot do better than consult the "tiger's skin."

\* *Histoire de la Bibliothèque de l'Abbaye de St. Victor, à Paris.* Par Alf. Franklin. Paris: Aubry.

† *Recherches sur la Bibliothèque de la Faculté de Médecine de Paris.* Par Alf. Franklin. Paris: Aubry.

‡ *Un Déporté à Cayenne, Souvenirs de la Guyane.* Par Armand Jousselein. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Cœur d'Acier.* Par Paul Féval. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

|| *Contes de la Famille.* Par Edouard Ourliac. Paris: Lévy.

¶ *La Peau de Tigre.* Par Théophile Gautier. Paris: Lévy.

*Le Marquis de Lanrose* is the concluding part of M. Edmond About's trilogy, *La vieille Roche*. The character of the heroine, Eliane, who mixes up high religious principles with a certain laxity of behaviour, is well-drawn, although it is supremely disagreeable; but we cannot accept, as the portrait of the French *gentilhomme*, the Count de Mably, whose life is a long career of profligacy, and who, after having disgraced his name in every possible manner, appears, at the close of the novel, in the enjoyment of all the happiness which is attained by very few even of those who best deserve it. *La vieille Roche*—the old French nobility—had its faults, nay, its vices; but Mablys amongst them were, we trust, rare exceptions.

\* *Le Marquis de Lanrose.* Par Edmond About. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.**—Monday Evening next, February 5. Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard; Violin, Herr Straus; Vocalist, Miss Banks. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Sofa Stalls, 1s.; Balcony, 2s.; Admission, 1s.—Programme and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 59 New Bond Street; Austin's, 25 Piccadilly; and at Keith, Frowse, & Co.'s, 48 Chesham.

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.**—MORNING PERFORMANCES, Saturday, February 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 17, 24. On Saturday next, February 10, the Programme will include Beethoven's celebrated Septet for Wind and Stringed Instruments, &c. &c. Executants, M. Straus, H. Webb, Paquet, Lazarus, C. Harper, Winterbottom, and Reynolds. Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard; Vocalist, Miss Robertine Henderson. Conductor, Mr. Benedict.—Sofa Stalls, 1s.; Balcony, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Programme and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 59 New Bond Street; Austin's, 25 Piccadilly; and at Keith, Frowse, & Co.'s, 48 Chesham.

**CHARLES GOUNOD'S NEW SACRED DRAMA, "TOBIAS."**—The First Performance in any Country of this Work, with other Compositions by the same Author, at the St. James's Hall, on Tuesday Evening, February 13, to begin at 8.30 p.m. Chorus and Band nearly 200. Conductor, Mr. Benedict.—Tickets to be obtained at all the Libraries and Music-sellers; Mr. Mitchell's, Old Bond Street; Mr. Austin's, 25 Piccadilly; and at the University College Hospital.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square. Professor STERNDALE BENNETT, Conductor. FIRST CONCERT, March 5, when will be performed Schumann's "Parade and the Port," Subscription to the Series of Eight Concerts, 4 Guinea; Family Tickets, 3s. Guinea each; Single Tickets, 1s.—Tickets for former Subscribers will be ready at Lamborn, Cock, Addison, & Co.'s, New Bond Street, January 29, for new Subscribers, February 17. CAMPBELL CLARKE, Secretary, 24 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

**STODARE.**—Three Hundred and Twenty-fifth Representation.—THEATRE OF MYSTERY, Egyptian Hall.—MARVELS in MAGIC and VENTRILOQUISM, as performed by command by Col. Stodare, before Her Majesty the Queen and the Royal Family, at Windsor Castle, Tuesday Evening, November 21, 1865.—Great Sensation created by the mysterious illusion of the SPHINX, Birth of Flower-trees, and STODARE'S celebrated Indian Basket, &c. &c. performed by him. Every Evening at Eight. Wednesday and Saturday at Three. Stalls at Mitchell's, Old Bond Street, and Box-office, Egyptian Hall. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s.

"Almost miraculous."—*Vide Times*, April 18, 1865.

**SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.**—THE WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AND STUDIES by the MEMBERS is NOW OPEN, 5 Pall Mall East. Nine till Dark.—Admission, 1s. On dark days the Gallery is lighted by Gas. WILLIAM CALLOW, Secretary.

**HOSPITAL for SICK CHILDREN, 49 Great Ormond Street, Queen Square.**

Patron.—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

The Committee have much pleasure in announcing that A. J. B. BERESFORD HOPE, Esq., M.P., has consented to Preside at the FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL of this Charity, on February 12, at Willis's Rooms.

### FIRST LIST OF STEWARDS.

The Most Noble the Marquis of Abercorn.  
The Right Honourable the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G.  
The Right Honourable Earl Amherst.  
The Right Honourable Viscount Grey.  
The Right Reverend the Bishop of Chichester.  
The Right Reverend the Bishop of St. Asaph.  
The Right Honourable Lord Leigh.  
The Right Honourable Viscount Milton, M.P.  
Colonel the Honourable Percy E. Herbert, M.P.  
The Honourable and Reverend Charles James Willoughby.  
The Honourable Arthur Kinnaird, M.P.  
Sir Robt. N. C. Hamilton, Bart.  
Vice-Admiral Sir Augustus Clifford, Bart.  
The complete List of Stewards will shortly be published. Additional Names will be thankfully received. The expenses to each Steward is limited to One Guinea.  
Subscriptions in aid of the Funds are earnestly solicited, and will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, HENRY BEARS TROSBY, Esq., or by any of the Stewards.  
January 16, 1866. SAMUEL WHITFORD, Secretary.

**COWBRIDGE SCHOOL, Glamorganshire.**—A MONITORSHIP will be vacant in April. The Five Monitorships of the Foundation of Sir Uldine Jenkins, Knight, are of the Annual Value of £16 10s., are tenable for Four Years, and are open to all Boys between the Ages of Twelve and Sixteen. A stay of Four Years at the School qualifies Englishmen for the Welsh scholarships at Jesus College, Oxford. Of Six Welsh Scholars elected in October last, Three were educated at Cowbridge. *Head-Master*, Rev. THOS. WILLIAMS, sometime Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, and Vice-Principal of St. Mark's Training College.

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**PRINTERS' PENSION, ALMSHOUSE, and ORPHAN** ASYLUM CORPORATION.—The Council of this most excellent Charity has decided on Electing TEN out of Twenty-three Candidates for the Pension Fund of the above Corporation, the Election taking place at the London Tavern, on Monday, the 5th March next. Contributions are very much required, particularly in consequence of the great augmentation in the number of Pensioners. The one penny contribution is payable every Monday and Thursday Evening, at a Wise Office Court, from Seven till Nine o'clock.

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The Committee most earnestly commend the objects of the Society to the sympathy of the Friends of the Church, and invite their generous Assistance. Cheques payable to J. A. CAUSAC, F.S.A., Treasurer, and crossed "London and Westminster Bank."

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H. PAUL MEASOR, M.A., Hon. Sec.  
R. TURTLE FIGGOTT, Secretary.

The Annual Report can be obtained at the Society's Offices, or it will be forwarded on application to the Secretary.

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G. THORNTON MOSTYN, M.A., Hon. Sec.  
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